Engraved by W. Ridley from a Drawing by R. Corbould.

ROWE.

Printed for C. Cooke 17, Paternoster Row. May 7. 1798.

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ROWE's POEMS,
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Vide Collins's Complaint. P. 72.

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THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

NICHOLAS ROWE.

WITH

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

Cooke's Edition.

Next Shakeſpeare ſkill'd to draw the tender tear,
For never heart felt paſſion more ſincere;
To nobler ſentiment to fire the brave,
For never Briton more diſdain'd a ſlave. POPE.

Enough for him that Congreve was his friend,
That Garth, and Steele, and Addiſon commend,
That Brunſwick with the bays his temples bound,
And Parker with immortal honours crown'd. AMHURST.

O Sacred Shade! thy Writings ſhall be read
Till even arts are with their founders dead;
Whilſt friendſhip burns within a faithful breaſt
Thy name be cheriſh'd and thy worth confeſt:
Oblivion is the common mortal's doom,
But thou ſhalt live when dead, and flouriſh in the tomb!
BECKINGHAM

EMBELLISHED WITH SUPERB ENGRAVINGS.

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BRITISH
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FEE

THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
NICHOLAS ROWE.

CONTAINING HIS

MISCELLANIES,	SONGS,
EPISTLES,	PROLOGUES,
EPIGRAMS,	EPILOGUES,
ODES,	IMITATIONS,

&c. &c. &c.

Surpriſe or joy alike to yield
Thy various artful Muſe was made,
To dreſs the warrior for the field,
Or paint the lover in his ſhade.------
Such force fair Virtue does impart
By thee preſented to our view,
It moves and melts each ſtubborn heart;
Her brightneſs cannot quite ſubdue.----
Would ſhe once more her ſkies forſake,
What other features could ſhe chuſe,
what fairer form the goddeſs take,
To bleſs mankind, than from thy Muſe?

NEWCOMB.

London:
PRINTED AND EMBELLISHED
Under the Direction of
C. COOKE.

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LIFE OF ROWE.

NICHOLAS ROWE, an author much eſteemed for his dramatic writings, was born in the year 1673, and deſcended from a family which poſſeſſed a good eſtate at Lamberton in the county of Devon. His anceſtor had acquired renown in the holy war, and tranſmitted to poſterity his heroic achievements, in the arms borne by the family. His father, John Rowe, who was the firſt that quitted rural life, and the delightful as well as ſalutary employment of cultivating his paternal lands, for any lucrative profeſſion; applied himſelf to the ſtudy of the law, in which he acquired ſuch a competent knowledge as raiſed him to the degree of Serjeant, when he publiſhed Benlow's and Dalliſon's Reports in the reign of James II. This undertaking offered him an opportunity of defending, in a preface, the liberties of the ſubjects, from the encroachments of the crown, as had been the undeviating practice of his anceſtors, amidſt all the changes of government. He died April the thirtieth, and was interred in the Temple church.

Nicholas Rowe was initiated in claſſical learning at a private ſchool at Highgate, and thence removed to Weſtminſter, where, at the age of twelve years, he was elected one of the King's ſcholars. His genius and application ſoon recommended him to the favourable regard of his maſter, Dr. Buſby, who never failed to countenance merit, and he was admired throughout the ſchool for the accuracy and facility with which he wrote his exerciſes in different languages.

His father deſigning him for the profeſſion of the law, removed him, at the age of ſixteen, from Weſtminſter ſchool to the Middle Temple, where he was entered a ſtudent, and applied himſelf with ſuch diligence and perſeverance, as enabled him, in the courſe of a ſhort time, to gain a very comprehenſive knowledge of the law, not merely as a ſeries of precedents,

but a ſyſtem founded on impartial juſtice, and calculated to promote the general good of mankind.

At the age of nineteen he was freed, by the death of his father, from that control to which he had neceſſarily been ſubject from early life, and left at liberty to proſecute thoſe ſtudies which were moſt congenial to his diſpoſition; ſo that law gave way to poetry, and he found Euripides, Sophocles, and Shakeſpeare to poſſeſs more charms than Blackſtone, Coke, or Littleton. He ſoon gave proofs of the bent of his genius for dramatic writings; and, at the age of twenty-five, produced his firſt tragedy, "The Abitious Step-mother," which was acted at the theatre in Lincolns-Inn-Fields, and met with ſo favourable a reception, as induced him, from that time, to direct his attention principally to the more elegant departments of literary compoſition.

This tragedy, though it may be conducted with leſs judgment than any other of our author's dramatic productions, poſſeſſes much animation: the buſineſs is precipitate, the characters are active. "The purity of the language;" ſays, Dr. Welwood (who wrote a life of Rowe, with comments on his works) "the juſtneſs of his characters, the noble elevation of the ſentiments, were all of them admirably adapted to the plan of the play."

His next tragedy was Tamerlane, performed at the ſame theatre in 1702. In this tragedy he introduced two highly contraſted characters, Tamerlane and Bagazet; the one as deſcriptive of King William, III. the other of Lewis, XIV. Dr. Welwood ſays this was the tragedy he valued moſt, and which Dr. Johnſon obſerves, probably, by the help of auxiliaries, excited moſt applauſe. It was acted for a ſeries of years regularly on the fourth of November, in commemoration of the landing of King William, but has been diſcontinued for ſome years paſt; whether from a declenſion of revolutionary principles, or any other cauſe, we pretend not to determine. Johnſon remarks that, the virtues of Tamerlane have been arbitrarily aſſigned

ed to the Britiſh Monarch by his poet, as hiſtory gives him no other qualities than thoſe which make him a conqueror; beſides the faſhion of the time was to accumulate upon Lewis all that can raiſe horror and deteſtation, and whatever good was withheld from him, that it might not be thrown away, was beſtowed upon King William;" and the Doctor, with his uſual point, further obſerves, "that our quarrel with Lewis being now over, it gratifies neither zeal nor malice to ſee him painted with aggravated features, like a Saracen upon a ſign."

Dr. Welwood, who differs in opinion with Johnſon, ſays that "the glorious ambition in Tamerlane, to break the chains of enſlaved nations, and to ſet mankind free from the encroachments of lawleſs power, is painted in the moſt lively as well as the moſt amiable colours. On the other ſide, his manner of introducing on the ſtage, a prince whoſe chief aim is to perpetuate his name to poſterity, by that havoc and ruin he ſcatters through the world, are all drawn with that pomp of horror and deteſtation, which ſuch nefarious actions deſerve. And ſince nothing could be more calculated for raiſing in the minds of the audience a true paſſion of liberty and a juſt abhorrence of ſlavery, how this play came to be diſcouraged, next to a prohibition in the latter end of Queen Anne's reign, I leave it to others to give a reaſon."

The Fair Penitent made its appearance in 1703. The plan of this tragedy ſeems to have been borrowed from Maſſinger's "Fatal Dowry." It is highly commended by Dr. Johnſon, who ſays it is one of the moſt pleaſing tragedies on the ſtage, where it ſtill keeps its turn of appearing, and probably will long keep it, for there is ſcarcely any work of any poet at once ſo intereſting by the fable, and ſo delightful by the language. The ſtory is domeſtic, and therefore eaſily received by the imagination, and aſſimilated to common life; the diction is exquiſitely harmonious, and ſoft and ſprightly as occaſion requires."

It

It has been obſerved, and with the greateſt juſtice, that the title of "Fair Penitent" by no means correſponds with the character and behaviour of Caliſta, who at laſt ſhews no evident ſigns of repentance; but may be reaſonably ſuſpected of feeling pain from detection, rather than from guilt, and expreſſes more ſhame than ſorrow, and more rage than ſhame.

The character of Sciolto is ſtrongly marked. The conflict between parental affection, and a nice ſenſe of indignity ſuſtained in the loſs of his daughter's honour, is diſplayed in a manner deeply affecting; though the moſt poignant ſtrokes of adverſe fortune cannot juſtify a perſuaſive to ſuicide. Horatio is the moſt amiable of all characters, and is ſo ſuſtained as to ſtrike an audience very forcibly. The character of Altamont is deemed, by the actors, one of the moſt difficult to repreſent in the drama: there is a kind of puſillanimity in him, joined with an unſuſpecting honeſt heart, and a doting fondneſs for the falſe fair one, which it is very difficult to repreſent. Altamont, however, is one of the moſt important perſons in the drama; though he is in general beheld with neglect, or perhaps with contempt, and but ſeldom with pity; but if committed to the repreſentation of a good actor, would highly intereſt the audience, notwithſtanding the bluſter of Lothario, and the ſuperior dignity of Horatio; for there is ſomething in the character of Altamont, to excite at once our pity and compaſſion.

In 1706, his tragedy of Ulyſſes was acted at the Theatre, in the Haymarket. On its firſt appearance it met with ſome ſucceſs, but being founded on a mythological ſtory, was afterwards conſigned to oblivion; though it has ſome buſineſs, paſſion and tragical propriety, to recommend it. The character of Penolope is an excellent example of conjugal fidelity.

In the courſe of this year our author deviated from his uſual line of writing, and courted the comic, inſtead of the tragic muſe. But Thalia was not ſo favourable to him as Melpomene; for when his comedy

of the "Biter" appeared, the audience gave evident tokens of their diſapprobation; however, the author was himſelf ſo delighted with it, that, according to Johnſon's account, he ſat in the houſe laughing, with great vehemence, whenever he had, in his own opinion, produced a jeſt. But finding that he and the public had no ſympathy of mirth, he bid adieu to the comic muſe. And, "tried at light ſcenes no more."

The Royal Convert was acted in 1708. From the motto, *laudatur et alget* it appears to have met with no great ſucceſs, though it is by no means deſtitute of merit. The fable of this play is drawn from an obſcure and barbarous age, to which fictions are moſt eaſily and properly adapted; for when objects are imperfectly ſeen, they eaſily aſſume forms of imagination. The ſcene lies among our anceſtors in our own country, and therefore very eaſily catches attention. The characters of Hengiſt and Aribert are finely contraſted, as are alſo thoſe of Rhodogune and Ethelinda. "Rhodogune," Dr. Johnſon ſays, "is a perſonage truly tragical, of high ſpirit, and violent paſſions; great with tempeſtuous dignity, and wicked with a ſoul that would have been heroic had it been virtuous."

In 1714 the tragedy of "Jane Shore" was acted at the theatre in Drury-Lane, and continues to this day to be performed with univerſal approbation. The author profeſſes it was written in imitation of Shakeſpeare's ſtyle; but we confeſs we cannot trace the compariſon, or in any inſtance diſcover the analogy, and therefore muſt accord with Dr. Johnſon in the following brief remarks on this tragedy.

"In what he thought himſelf an imitator of Shakeſpeare it is not eaſy to conceive. The numbers, the diction, the ſentiments, and the conduct, every thing in which imitation can conſiſt are remote in the utmoſt degree from the manner of Shakeſpeare, whoſe dramas it reſembles, only as it is an Engliſh ſtory, and ſome of the perſons have their names in hiſtory. This play, conſiſting

conſiſting chiefly of domeſtic ſcenes and private diſtreſs, lays hold upon the heart. The wife is forgiven becauſe ſhe repents, and the huſband is honoured becauſe he forgives. This is, therefore, one of thoſe pieces which we ſtill welcome on the ſtage."

His tragedy of "Lady Jane Gray," was acted in 1715. The ſubject had been choſen by Mr. Edmund Smith, author of Phædra and Hippolitus, whoſe papers, at his death, were put into Rowe's hands, conſiſting of looſe hints and ſhort ſketches of ſcenes, ſuch as he deſcribes in his preface. This tragedy is not frequently performed, but whenever it makes its appearance, if the characters are ably ſuſtained, it is well received.

Rowe attempted a tragedy upon the ſtory of the rape of Lucretia in the beginning of the year 1715, when in the country with Pope, and during his ſtay, their converſation often turned upon the ſubject of a new tragedy. The death of Charles I. was mentioned, but it was thought too recent; that the character of the preſent age would be touched in thoſe of their families engaged in that affair, and perhaps ſome offence in the free ſpeeches of the republicans, given to the crown; it was therefore ſet aſide. Pope adviſed him to reſcue the Queen of Scots out of the hands of Banks, the firſt author of the Earl of Eſſex. Rowe ſaid he would conſider of it; but if he ſhould attempt it, he would by no means introduce Queen Elizabeth; obſerving, that where ſhe appeared all the queens and heroines upon earth would make but a little figure.* Other ſubjects were talked of, but what Rowe himſelf ſeemed moſt inclined to was the Rape of Lucretia. He had written ſome few verſes for the character of Lucretia, but many of the lines were left unfiniſhed,

* Cibber gives this tale a ſomewhat different turn; his words are, "Mr. Rowe was a great admirer of Queen Elizabeth, and as he could not well plan a play upon the Queen of Scot's ſtory without introducing his favourite princeſs, he choſe to decline it: beſides he knew that if he favoured the Northern lady, there was a ſtrong party concerned to cruſh it, and if he ſhould make her appear leſs than ſhe was, and throw a ſhade over her real endowments, he ſhould violate truth, and incur the diſpleaſure of a faction, which though by far the minority in the political liſt, he knew would be too powerful for a poet to combat with.

nor

nor did any of them receive the laſt correction from his hand, though there might be ſeen in them what intitles Rowe to the character given him by Mr. Amhurſt, in his poems on the death of Addiſon, of "Soft complaining Rowe."

As our author by a competent fortune was happily exempted from the neceſſity of writing on ſubjects contrary to his inclination, or ſending forth haſty productions to procure the means of preſent exiſtence; he had opportunity of finiſhing his works to his own approbation, ſo that they bore few marks of negligence or hurry. It is very ſingular, that he either did not ſolicit, or was not proferred the aid of any of his literary friends, in furniſhing either prologue or epilogue to any one of his dramatic productions; as they appear to have been all written by himſelf.

He undertook an edition of Shakeſpeare's works, to which he prefixed the life of the author. From this publication he derived no great degree of reputation; Johnſon, however, admits, that without the pomp of notes, or boaſt of criticiſm, he judiciouſly reſtored many paſſages, and at leaſt contributed to the popularity of his author.

Rowe's attachment to poetry did not entirely diſqualify him for buſineſs; for he filled the office of under-ſecretary for three years, when the Duke of Queenſbury was principal ſecretary of ſtate. After the death of the duke, the avenues to his preferment being ſtopped, he paſſed his time in retirement during the reſt of Queen Anne's reign.

A ſtory is related by Spence, that he once applied to Harley, Earl of Oxford for ſome public employment, and that the Earl enjoined him to ſtudy the Spaniſh language, and when, ſome time afterwards, he came again, and ſaid that he had acquired a competent knowledge of it, he was diſmiſſed with this congratulation. "Then Sir I envy you the pleaſure of reading Don Quixote in the original." This ſtory ſeems rather improbable; for Harley, who was deſirous to be

thought

thought a patron of literature, can hardly be ſuppoſed to inſult a man of acknowledged merit; and Rowe, who was ſo zealous a Whig that he did not willingly aſſociate with Tories, it is reaſonable to conclude, would not apply for preferment to the leader of the oppoſite party. Pope, who mentioned the circumſtance to a friend, did not ſay on what occaſion the advice was given, and though he owned Rowe's diſappointment, doubted whether any injury was intended him, but thought it rather Lord Oxford's *odd way*, as he phraſed it. It ſeems, upon the whole, to have been a kind of ſquib, which parties are ever diſpoſed to let off upon each other.

When George I. came to the throne, Rowe was made Poet Laureat, in the room of Tate, who died in priſon, and in circumſtances of extreme indigence: he was likewiſe made one of the land-ſurveyors of the port of London. The Prince of Wales choſe him Clerk of his Council, and the Lord Chancellor, Parker, as ſoon as he received the ſeals, appointed him, unſolicited, Secretary of Preſentations.—Such an accumulation of employments, undoubtedly produced a very conſiderable income.

Having already tranſlated ſome parts of Lucan's Pharſalia, which had been publiſhed in the Miſcellanies, he undertook a verſion of the whole work, which he lived to finiſh, but not to publiſh. He died on the ſixth of December, 1718, in the forty-fifth year of his age, and was buried among the poets in Weſtminſter Abbey. A ſumptuous monument was afterwards erected to his memory by his wife, for which Mr. Pope wrote an epitaph, which we here inſert:

Thy relics, Rowe! to this ſad ſhrine we truſt,
And near thy Shakeſpeare place thy honour'd buſt:
Oh! next him ſkill'd to draw the tender tear,
For never heart felt paſſion more ſincere;
To nobler ſentiment to fire the brave,
For never Briton more diſdain'd a ſlave.
Peace to thy gentle ſhade and endleſs reſt!
Bleſt in thy genius, in thy love too bleſt!
And bleſt that timely from our ſcene remov'd
Thy ſoul enjoys the liberty it lov'd.
To theſe ſo mourn'd in death, ſo lov'd in life,
The childleſs parent and the widow'd wife

With

With tears inſcribes this monumental ſtone
That holds their aſhes and expects her own.

The lines originally wrote by Mr. Pope, for Rowe's monument, were not the above, but thoſe which follow:

Thy relics, Rowe! to this fair urn we truſt,
And ſacred place by Dryden's awful duſt;
Beneath a rude and nameleſs ſtone he lies,
To which thy tomb ſhall guide enquiring eyes.
Peace to thy gentle ſhade and endleſs reſt!
Bleſt in thy genius, in thy love too bleſt!
One grateful woman to thy fame ſupply'd
What a whole thankleſs land to his deny'd.

But theſe lines were afterwards changed for the preceding ones, which we ſee upon the monument.

The following character is given of Mr. Rowe, by Dr. Welwood, who undertook the care of the publication of his tranſlation of the Pharſalia, and prefixed his life to the work.

"As to his perſon, it was graceful and well made; his face regular, and of a manly beauty. He had a quick and fruitful invention, a deep penetration, and a large compaſs of thought, with ſingular dexterity and eaſe, in making his thoughts underſtood. He was maſter of moſt parts of polite learning, eſpecially the claſſical authors, both Greek and Latin; underſtood the French, Italian, and Spaniſh languages, and ſpoke the firſt fluently, and the other two tolerably well. He had likewiſe read moſt of the Greek and Roman hiſtories in the original languages, and many that are written in Engliſh, French, Italian, and Spaniſh. He had a good taſte in philoſophy, and having a firm impreſſion of religion on his mind, he took great delight in divinity and eccleſiaſtical hiſtory. He abhorred the principles of proſecuting men upon account of their principles in religion, and being ſtrict in his own, he took not upon him to cenſure thoſe of another perſuaſion. His converſation was pleaſant, witty and learned, without the leaſt tincture of affectation or pedantry, and his inimitable manner of diverting and enlivening the company, rendered it impoſſible for any one to be out of humour when he was in it. Envy and detraction ſeemed to be entirely foreign to his conſtitution,

and whatever provocations he met with, he paſſed them over without the leaſt thought of reſentment or revenge."

"As Homer had a Zoilus, ſo Mr. Rowe had ſometimes his; for there were not wanting malevolent people, and pretenders to poetry too, that would now and then bark at his beſt performances; but he was ſo very conſcious of his own genius, and had ſo much good nature, as to forgive them; nor could he ever be tempted to return them an anſwer. The love of learning and poetry made him not the leſs fit for buſineſs, and nobody applied himſelf cloſer to it when it required his attendance."

"When he had juſt got to be eaſy in his fortune, and was in a fair way to make it better, death ſwept him away, and in him deprived the world of one of the beſt of men, as well as one of the beſt of geniuſes, of the age. He died like a chriſtian and a philoſopher, in charity with all mankind, and with an abſolute reſignation to the divine will. He kept up his good humour to the laſt, and took leave of his wife and friends, immediately before his laſt agony, with the ſame tranquillity of mind, and the ſame indifference for life, as though he had been taking but a ſhort journey."

To this character may be added the teſtimony of Pope, who ſays, in a letter to his friend Blount, "Mr. Rowe accompanied me, and paſſed a week in the foreſt. I need not tell you how much a man of his turn entertained me; but I muſt acquaint you there is a vivacity and gaiety of diſpoſition almoſt peculiar to him, which makes it impoſſible to part from him withont that uneaſineſs which generally ſucceeds all our pleaſures."

A leſs advantageous mention of his companion is reported by Dr. Warburton. "Rowe," ſays the Doctor, "in Pope's opinion, maintained a decent character, but had no heart." A converſation is added between Pope and Addiſon, in which Pope is reported to have mentioned the ſatisfaction which Rowe, their common friend, expreſſed at ſome juncture of Addiſon's

ſon's advancement; and Addiſon is ſaid to have replied, "I do not ſuſpect that; but the levity of his heart is ſuch, that he is ſtruck with any new adventure, and it would affect him juſt in the ſame manner, if he heard I was going to be hanged."

Johnſon's remark upon this circumſtance is equally candid and pertinent. He ſays, "This cenſure time has not left us the power of confirming or refuting; but obſervation daily ſhews, that much ſtreſs is not to be laid on hyperbolical accuſations and pointed ſentences, which even he that utters them deſires to be applauded rather than credited. Addiſon can hardly be ſuppoſed to have meant all that he ſaid. Few characters can bear the microſcopic ſcrutiny of wit quickened by anger; and perhaps the beſt advice to authors would be, that they ſhould keep out of the way of one another."

But Pope has left behind him a refutation of this cenſure, in his Epitaph on Rowe," which contains a liberal encomium on his genius, his patriotiſm, and his ſenſibility. A more unqueſtionable teſtimony to the excellence of his heart, is to be found in the love and eſteem of men of the higheſt reputation, for abilities and virtue, among his contemporaries.

"Enough for him that *Congreve* was his friend,
"That *Garth*, and *Steele*, and *Addiſon* commend.

Rowe, from the concurring opinion of biographers, appears to have been moſt eſteemed as a literary character, for his tragic compoſitions, and tranſlations. The fate of his "*Biter*," demonſtrated his deficiency in comic writing. His beautiful ballad, entitled "Collin's Complaint," is the moſt popular of his little pieces. It may be ranked with the "Paſtoral Ballad" of Shenſtone, of which it is ſuppoſed by many to have been the model.

With reſpect to our authors poetical merit; we ſubmit to our readers the following comment of Dr. Welwood.

"Critics have complained of the ſameneſs of his poetry; that he makes all his characters ſpeak equally elegant, and has not attended ſufficiently to the manners. This uniformity of verſification in the opinion of ſome, has ſpoiled our modern tragedies, as poetry is made to ſupply nature, and declamation characters. Admitting that this defect may be attributed to Rowe, it is more than counterbalanced by the ſweetneſs of his cadence, the chaſtity of his ſentiments and the elegance of his language. Softneſs was the characteriſtic of his tragedies; and, excepting Otway, he is more moving than any other poet of that age, and his diction is more excellently dramatic than any other modern author. Cibber informs us that no author conſulted the dignity of the ſtage more, nor expreſſed greater diſdain at the introduction of pantomimes.

It may juſtly be ſaid of all Rowe's tragedies, that never poet painted virtue, religion, and all the relative and ſocial duties of life in a more alluring dreſs on the ſtage, nor were vice and impiety more effectually expoſed to contempt and abhorrence. There is nothing found in them to flatter a depraved populace, or humour a faſhonable folly: they were written from the heart: he practiſed the virtue he admired, and exhibited, in the whole tenour of his conduct, a moſt laudable example.

Dr. Johnſon enters into a diſquiſition of the merits of Rowe, as a dramatic writer, with all the keenneſs of criticiſm, for which he is ſo ſingularly remarkable, and his obſervations carry with them that force which is ſo peculiar to his writings, as is evident from the following remarks.

He ſays, that "in the conſtruction of his dramas, there is not much art; he is not a nice obſerver of the unities. He extends time, and varies place as his convenience requires. To vary the place, is not, in my opinion, any violation of nature, if the change be made between the acts, for it is no leſs eaſy for the ſpectator to ſuppoſe himſelf at Athens in the ſecond act,

act, than at Thebes in the firſt: but to change the ſcene, as is done by Rowe, in the middle of an act, is to add more acts to the play, ſince an act is ſo much of the buſineſs as is tranſacted without interruption.

"Rowe, by this licence, eaſily extricates himſelf from difficulties; as in Jane Grey, when we have been terrified with all the dreadful pomp of public execution, and are wondering how the heroine or the poet will proceed; no ſooner has Jane pronounced ſome prophetic rhymes, than---paſs be gone---the ſcene cloſes, and Pembroke, and Gardiner are turned out upon the ſtage.

"I know not that there can be found in his plays any deep ſearch into nature, any accurate diſcriminations of kindred qualities, or nice diſplay of paſſion in its progreſs; all is general and undefined. Nor does he much intereſt or affect the auditor, except in Jane Shore, who is always ſeen and heard with pity. Alicia is a character of empty noiſe, with no reſemblance to real ſorrow or to natural madneſs.

"Whence then has Rowe his reputation? From the reaſonableneſs and propriety of ſome of his ſcenes, from the elegance of his diction, and the ſuavity of his verſe. He ſeldom moves either pity or terror, but he often elevates the ſentiments; he ſeldom pierces the breaſt, but he always delights the ear, and often improves the underſtanding.

"The verſion of Lucan* is one of the greateſt productions of Engliſh poetry, for there is, perhaps, none that ſo completely exhibits the genius and ſpirit of the original. Lucan is diſtinguiſhed by a kind of

* Our author, in his laſt ſickneſs, having deſired Dr. Welwood to take the trouble of publiſhing this book, which is dedicated to the king by his widow according to our poet's deſire, the dying requeſt was faithfully executed by that friend, who obſerves that it was the author's great love of liberty that induced him to undertake this tranſlation, and that perhaps he was farther animated to it by the conduct of the French tranſlator, Barbeuf, who had the honeſt boldneſs to publiſh ſuch a work in his native language, ſo diametrically oppoſite to the maxims of the prince then reigning, and that too when all other claſſics were publiſhed for the uſe of the dauphin, and Lucan alone prohibited. Mr. Addiſon, in the Freeholder, recommended our author's undertaking from ſome ſpecimens he had before given the world of it; wherein, ſays that excellent critic "the fire of the original is not only kept up, but the ſentiments delivered with greater perſpicuity, and in a tenderer tone of phraſe and verſe."

dictatorial or philoſophic dignity, rather, as Quintilian obſerves, declamatory than poetical, full of ambitious morality and pointed ſentences, compriſed in vigorous and animated lines. This character Rowe has very diligently and ſucceſsfully preſerved. His verſes, which are ſuch as his contemporaries practiſed without any attempt at innovation or improvement, ſeldom want any melody or force. His author's ſenſe is ſometimes a little diluted by additional infuſions, and ſometimes weakened by too much expanſion. But ſuch faults are to be expected in all tranſlations, from the conſtraint of meaſures and diſſimilitude of languages. The Pharſalia of Rowe * deſerves more notice than it obtains, and as it is more read will be more eſteemed."

* This work will be publiſhed in the courſe of the Tranſlations propoſed to form a part of our UNIFORM POCKET LIBRARY.

RECOMMENDATORY POEMS.

ON THE DEATH OF MR. ROWE.

BY MR. AMHURST.

FAREWEL the Genius of the Britiſh ſtage,
Farewel the patriot of a madding age,
O Rowe! unhappy deathleſs Bard! farewel,
Whoſe worth applauding theatres ſhall tell;
Oft as thy heroes on the ſtage appear
Each eye to thee ſhall drop a grateful tear,
Shouts to thy name each grateful voice ſhall raiſe,
And clapping crowds in thunder ſpeak thy praiſe.
Too cruel Death! that would no longer ſpare
This great recorder of the brave and fair,
That in one dreadful inſtant ſnatch'd from hence
The beſt good nature and the fineſt ſenſe:
Too cruel Death! that could refuſe to ſave
Him that has reſcu'd thouſands from the grave;
Him that to lateſt worlds conveys the fame
Of Tamerlane and great Ulyſſes' name;
At whoſe command departed ſaints revive,
And in his moving ſcenes for ever live;
Paſt times return, and from the mould'ring tomb
Riſe up the mighty chiefs of Greece and Rome,
Their ancient legions rally on the plain,
And act their former triumphs o'er again.
Touch'd with his powerful magic we deplore
The beauteous Penitent and guilty Shore;
Grey, to appeaſe the wrath of human laws,
Bleeds a fair martyr in her Saviour's cauſe;
Undaunted bleeds, and by his matchleſs art
The fatal blow wounds ev'ry Britiſh heart;
We mourn with beating breaſts the greedy ſtroke,
And yield reluctant to the Romiſh yoke.
Of idols now ſucceeds a motley band,
And Popery pours in upon the land;

Rage, ſuperſtition, maſſacre, and blood,
Come arm'd from hell againſt the public good;
Zeal ſets on fire the holy Smithfield pile,
And Prieſtcraft rages through the trembling iſle.
Well has our loyal Poet ſet to view
This direful ſcene, this wonder-working crew,
A bloody tribe of perſecuting elves,
That weekly damn all Chriſtians but themſelves:
His gen'rous ſoul diſdain'd that vain pretence,
So ſhocking to the Goſpel and to ſenſe,
And in his ſcenes the graceful marks appear
Of Chriſtian freedom and of Chriſtian fear.
Firm to that noble cauſe which fir'd his mind,
He never to a Popiſh ſcheme inclin'd,
Nor ſought the favours of a Tyburn crowd,
Whoſe perjur'd hearts to foreign gods have bow'd;
He judg'd it always an inglorious thing
To court their praiſes who defam'd their king;
Enough for him that Congreve was his friend,
That Garth, and Steele, and Addiſon commend,
That Brunſwick with the bays his temples bound,
And Parker with immortal honours crown'd.
Great Lucan now, by his unweary'd pains,
Breathes Roman liberty in Engliſh ſtrains;
Dying, this wealthy pledge he left behind,
The trueſt pattern of his freeborn mind.
Four times four ages this heroic ſong
Has lain unlabour'd from its native tongue,
Which now, tranſlated with its genuine fire,
Shall noble thoughts of liberty inſpire,
Convince the bigot of the weighty truth,
And free from paſſive chains the Britiſh youth.
Too long the uſeful work has been delay'd,
But well that ſeeming ill is now repaid;
Heav'n but deferr'd to make it more complete;
Not ev'ry bard the glorious theme could treat,
Not ev'ry bard that in mechanic verſe
Can a dull love-tale fluently rehearſe,
And can in lifeleſs jingling lines complain
Of the falſe nymph or the forſaken ſwain;

Vigour of ſtyle and fancy muſt combine
With majeſty of rage and pow'r divine
To make the Engliſh like the Roman ſhine:
Such muſt he be as Lucan was of old,
His figures ſtrong, and his expreſſions bold;
With the ſame conſtant love of freedom charm'd,
With the ſame paſſion for his country warm'd,
Whoſe veins with one unvary'd tenour flow,
Zealous and active like immortal Rowe.
At length, ye Sons of Servitude! awake:
And from your necks the ſelfiſh burden ſhake,
Nor blindly nor diſdainfully refuſe
This laſt great labour of the laurell'd Muſe;
Pay the juſt honours to his ſacred head,
Nor whom you envy'd living envy dead:
Againſt the dead all violences ceaſe;
Great Chaucer now and Shakeſpeare reſt in peace;
Dryden no more the impious world upbraids,
And Milton ſlumbers in the ſilent ſhades.
Thou too, thrice honour'd in that ancient dome
Where ſoon or late our Britiſh Laureates come,
Where the fam'd poets of three ages lie,
And to their tombs invite the curious eye,
Where great Newcaſtle, ſtill to wit a friend,
To Dryden bids the ſtately pile aſcend,
(Immortal, glorious deed! which after times
Shall celebrate in their exalted rhymes)
Amongſt thy kindred bards thy bones ſhall truſt,
And mix in quiet with poetic duſt;
There no feign'd dangers ſhall alarm thy breaſt,
No factious murmurs interrupt thy reſt,
Baniſh'd ſhall be all noiſe of worldly things,
Of warring armies and contending kings,
The groundleſs clamours of th' ambitious gown,
And Alberoni's crimes ſhall be unknown;
Pain loſs and ſorrow ſhall be far away,
Claſp'd in th' embraces of thy native clay,
'Till the laſt welcome trump ſhall bid thee riſe,
Then cloth'd with glory thou'lt aſcend the ſkies.

TO THE MEMORY OF

NICHOLAS ROWE, ESQ.

BY MR. BECKINGHAM.

IS then the ſummons true? does partial Fate
Retract ſo early what it gave ſo late?
Muſt the grave chuſe?—Muſt Rowe the tribute pay,
And Merit moulder with the common clay?
Is the grim tyrant then ſo jealous grown?
Strikes he at human fame to build his own?
Has not th' inſulting monarch wreaths enow,
But muſt the robber ſtrip the poets brow?
Let Nature in her hoary years decay,
And mellow Age drop heavily away,
Let the dull earth-born populace complain,
And ſwell the triumphs of his gloomy reign;
Slaves born for nothing, or themſelves alone,
Die unlamented as they liv'd unknown;
Let theſe, proud Victor! tremble at thy nod,
But ſpare the poet for the public good.
Does ſacred heat prophetic breaſts inſpire?
Burns not the poet's with an equal fire?
From Heav'n a joint commiſſion can he claim,
His ſoul as large, as ſacred is his name;
Both univerſal benefits deſign'd.
Both ſent to govern and to ſave mankind,
T' unveil myſterious truths to human ſight,
And ſet the falſe bewilder'd judgment right,
Inſtructed great ideas to impart,
To warm the boſom and enrich the heart.
Are we not grateful when the lamp of day
Shoots forth a genial heat and vernal ray
To bleſs the honeſt ruſtic's wintry toil,
And bid the careful anxious floriſt ſmile?
Or in ſome clime where nearer beams abound,
And heats immod'rate ſcorch the cleaving ground,
When ſome fierce channel from the ſeven-mouth'd Nile
Pours forth its plenty on the ſunburnt ſoil,

Cements with laviſh ſtreams the gaping earth,
And gives the hidden treaſures timely birth?
Do gifts like theſe our gratitude command?
What debtors are we to the poet's hand,
Whoſe nobler ſtreams in larger currents roll?
Thoſe but inform the ground, and theſe the ſoul.
Here, Laurell'd Shade! thy own great image ſee,
To draw the poet is to picture thee:
Th' extenſive thought, th' energy divine,
The flame, the genius, and the ſoul was thine;
Each various note declares thy maſter ſkill,
How form'd to write, how worthy to excel.
To virtue ſteady, to thy country true,
We read the poet and the patriot too.
Does liberty demand thy loftier ſtrain?
We gaze with wonder on thy Tamerlane;
Thro' ev'ry ſcene purſue the godlike cauſe,
And give the fav'rite hero full applauſe.
When the ſhrill trumpet ſummons him away,
The warm'd ſpectator ſhares the bloody fray,
In anxious wiſhes feels a ſoldier's pride,
Liſts in the war, and combats on his ſide.
How does he charm when bounteous to diſtreſs,
Sedate in fight, and humble in ſucceſs!
A victor yet without a victor's mind,
He conquers not t'enſlave but free mankind,
To diſtant times marks out th' unerring way,
Learns kings to rule and ſubjects to obey,
Strikes ev'ry boſom with a ſacred awe,
And ſhews the happy age a true Naſſau.
Or if ſome lowly theme the poet claim,
Some baniſh'd lover, or neglected dame,
Love's thouſand paſſions all his ſkill employ,
The quick alternate tides of grief and joy.
How well he paints the ſad extremes of Fate!
How well deſcribes th' unhappy—happy ſtate!
Each conſcious ſinner does his guilt confeſs,
And awful ſilence ſpeaks the bard's ſucceſs;
So well th' expreſſive miſeries are ſhown,
Some tender breaſt ſtill makes the woe its own:

The virgin's cheek the moving ſcene approves,
And artleſs ſighs betray how well ſhe loves;
The ſcornful nymph condemns her long diſdain,
And to her arms invites her injur'd ſwain.
When ſome fair wanton * mourns her paſt deſires,
Love's foul embraces and unlawful fires,
So ſoft ſhe pleads the pitying audience melt,
And clear the ſinner tho' they damn the guilt.
The Libertine in love † exults a while
On violated charms and raviſh'd ſpoil,
But ſoon his triumphs find a timely date;
The villain's crimes receive the villain's fate.
But why on ſingle beauties do I dwell,
When ev'ry finiſh'd ſcene is wrote ſo well?
When thy vaſt works are in themſelves repaid,
And modeſt Nature owns thy happier aid?
But now the ſkill is loſt, the muſic o'er,
And he who charm'd us once can charm no more,
Envy at laſt repents her canker'd hate,
And feels her error in her loſs too late.
To native duſt now waſtes the mortal frame,
And nought ſurvies the poet but his fame;
Brave then in that o'er time or envy's rage,
And be a Lucan to a diſtant age.
Yes, ſacred Shade! thy Writings ſhall be read
Till even arts are with their founders dead;
Whilſt friendſhip burns within a faithful breaſt,
Thy name be cheriſh'd and thy worth confeſt:
Oblivion is the common mortal's doom,
But thou ſhalt live when dead, and flouriſh in the tomb!

* Jane Shore. † Lothario, in The Fair Penitent.

A PASTORAL

TO THE HONOURED MEMORY OF MR. ROWE.

BY MRS. CENTLIVRE.

DAPHNIS.

SEE! Thyrſis, ſee! beneath yon ſpreading thorn,
Whoſe bluſhing berries ev'ry bough adorn,
The good Menalcas ſits, his head reclin'd,
His crook thrown by, nor ſeems his flock to mind;
Down from his eyes the briny torrents roll,
And mighty grief ſeems lab'ring in his ſoul:
The poſture ſpeaks a matchleſs weight of woe;
Haſte, Thyrſis! haſte, the ſudden cauſe to know.

THYRS. From whence, Menalcas, do theſe ills ariſe,
Which rack thy breaſt and overflow thy eyes?
Has from thy ewe ſome tender lamb been wrung,
Or has thy fav'rite heifer caſt her young?
Broke are thy folds, by ſome vile midnight thief,
Or is Clariſſa cauſe of all this grief?
Does ſhe in ſecret bleſs ſome other ſwain?
Why, let her go—her broken faith diſdain.

MENAL. No, Thyſis! no; a ſubject greater far
Than flocks, or herds, or fickle women, are
Claims all theſe tears, theſe fruitleſs tears, I ſhed;
Colin, the ſoft harmonious Colin's dead!

DAPH. Is Colin dead? if that ſad tale be true,
Then have we cauſe to morn as much as you.
Colin! the pride and darling of the plain,
Admir'd by ev'ry nymph, careſs'd by ev'ry ſwain.
Whene'er he tun'd his pipe beneath the ſhade,
The nodding boughs beat time while Colin play'd,
The feather'd choir about the ſhepherd throng,
And prowling wolves ſtood liſt'ning to his ſong,
The browzing goats from rocky clifts deſcend,
Charm'd with his voice the ſavage brutes attend.

THYRS. O mighty Pan! who now ſhall chant thy praiſe,
And who record thy fame in tuneful lays?
Where is that he of all the ſylvan ſwains
Can equal Colin's ſoft harmonious ſtrains?

If the dear ſubject of his ſong was love,
Sweet as the Hybla drops his verſes prove;
If glorious liberty the youth aſſerts,
How did he warm our ſouls and fire our hearts!
MENAL. Now ev'ry maxim which the ſhepherd taught
Occurs afreſh and dwells in ev'ry thought.
"Our flocks," ſaid he, "and feather'd kind, produce
"Their diff'rent offspring for their owner's uſe;
"For us the wood, the paſture, and the field,
"Their ſev'ral grains and various flowers yield:
"Not Pan himſelf can our own rights oppoſe,
"Or crop without our leave one ſingle roſe:
"A mutual duty ſtill on each depends,
"We honour Pan, and Pan our flock defends."
Thus Colin taught us ſlaviſh yokes to hate,
And prize the freedom of our rural ſtate.
DAPH. See where the nymphs and ſwains in crowds appear,
Yew in their hands, their brows ſad cypreſs wear;
In ſolemn ſtate ſee two by two they tread,
And look with downcaſt eyes and bended head,
As if not Colin but themſelves were dead.
THYRS. Hark how the winds in hollow accents groan,
And humid pearls diſtil from ev'ry ſtone!
The cooing turtles their lov'd elms decline,
And goats forſake their fav'rite flow'ry thyme;
The lambs complaining bleat, the heifers low,
The ox and wether ceaſe their cud to chew;
The vocal grove laments young Colin dead,
For him the laurel droops and hangs its verdant head!
AMARYL. Help me, Menalcus! help me to complain,
To tell to earth, to air, and ſeas, my pain:
Colin, the dear lov'd Colin! is no more;
Come all ye Nymphs! and Colin's loſs deplore.
For whom ſhall we our flow'ry chaplets weave?
Or who ſo well deſerves the laurel wreath?
Whom now can point thro' all theſe groves a man
To celebrate the birth of mighty Pan?
Like Colin who can Flora's ſweets diſplay,
Or paint the gaudy treaſures of her May?

Or who like him can tune the oaten reed,
Or tread with ſuch a grace th' enamell'd mead?
Mourn, all ye Nymphs! your tears inceſſant ſhed,
Your tribute's all too poor for him that's dead.
THYRS. Would but relentleſs Fate our wiſhes aid,
And give to ſubſtance back his airy ſhade,
As Pluto once Eurydice of old,
A tale I well remember Colin told,
To purchaſe that my tears like thine ſhould flow,
But this is fruitleſs grief and pageant woe.
Hark, Amaryllis, hark! thy bleating lambs
Amongſt the brakes have loſt their udder'd dams;
Haſte to retrieve them ere too far they ſtray,
And fall to hungry wolves an eaſy prey. [I'll hold,
AMARYL. Why, let 'em ſtray, my crook no more
My herds no more—no more my flocks I'll fold;
No more will I with daiſy pink and roſe
A garland for the queen of May compoſe,
Since Colin's gone, by whom it was confeſt
That I of all the nymphs deſerv'd it beſt.
The winds ſhall uſeleſs prove to fleets at ſea,
And flow'rs ſupply no honey to the bee,
When, Colin! I forget to mourn for thee.
MENAL. If Amaryllis, charm'd by Colin's verſe,
Can ſhed ſuch floods of tears upon his hearſe,
Who then can gueſs the pain, the anxious throes,
Which the dear partner of his pleaſure knows?
What agonies of woe rend Daphne's breaſt!
She whom he lov'd—and ſhe who lov'd him beſt:
Methinks I hear her to her babe complain,
The only relic of her darling ſwain:
The child ſhe tells his ev'ry art and grace,
And with her tears bedews the infant's face,
Whilſt the poor babe, unknowing of her cares,
Cooes in her face and ſmiles at all her tears.

AN ODE,

SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF N. ROWE, ESQ.

BY THE REV. MR. NEWCOMB.

WHILE o'er thy hearſe with ſad ſurpriſe
And ſolemn grief the Muſes mourn,
Permit a ſtranger's flowing eyes
To ſhed their ſorrows round thy urn.

Juſt in the bloom of all thy fame,
Then to aſſert thy native ſky
Abſolves impartial Heav'n from blame,
And ſeems as 'twas thy choice to die.

Thus the great Cæſar ceas'd to live,
Thro' vanquiſh'd worlds his Eagles bore;
Thus clos'd his fame when Fate could give
And his bright ſword command no more.

With ſmiles he views the glitt'ring blade,
In that great moment fond to die
When Rome beheld her hero's ſhade
But mount the fairer up the ſky.

What penſive Muſe, now thou art fled,
Shall o'er Pharſalia's * warriors mourn?
Whoſe voice lament the pious dead,
And kindly weep o'er Pompey's urn?

Whoſe ſoft relenting verſe ſhall ſwell
Each Roman heart with conſcious woe?
Her genius fled Rome's ſorrow tell,
And Cæſar dying o'er his foe?

Round his great rival's awful head
He views a glory ſtill ſurvive,
Sighing † that fame and virtue dead
He could not own, or ſcorn'd alive;

* The excellent tranſlation of Lucan by Mr. Rowe.

† Cæſar is reported by the poet to have wept when Pompey's head was brought to him in Egypt.

Nor mingling with the godlike hoſt
Who at Philippi greatly fell,
Each Roman thanks thy pious ghoſt
That ſung his arms and fate ſo well,

The fields of death once more to ſtain
What future hero will refuſe?
Or dying dread one moment's pain
To live for ever in thy Muſe?

But far, O far before the reſt
Great Cato does his arm extend,
And in his ſmiles his love confeſt,
Adores thy ſhade and calls thee friend.

Well pleas'd with ev'ry grace adorn'd
So like his own a mind to ſee,
And the great homage which he ſcorn'd
To Cæſar's ſword he pays to thee.

New tranſport does his breaſt dilate,
Within his ſoul new paſſions riſe,
To view Rome's wounds and Pompey's fate
So kindly wept by Engliſh eyes.

While taught by thee Britannia's iſle
His hero's fall relenting views,
He ſeems beneath his wounds to ſmile,
And Cæſar's ſelf at laſt ſubdues.

Afric's rich deſerts in thy ſtrains
Ennoble with the patriot's doom,
Excel the flow'ry Latian plains,
And Libya triumphs over Rome;

Whoſe grateful ſons to moan the brave
Deſpairing in thy Muſe are ſeen,
Hiding each faithful warrior's grave
With friendly tears and blooming green.

In words like thine had they a choice
Once more above their fate to try,
Thus with their laſt expiring voice
Would each lament his Rome and die.

Surpriſe or joy alike to yield
Thy various artful Muſe was made,
To dreſs the warrior for the field,
Or paint the lover in his ſhade.

Now in the eager chaſe of fame
With ſome brave chief you upward fly,
Now ſink, and teach ſome virgin name
In ſofter numbers how to die.

Thoſe forms which to our wond'ring mind
Thy fancy paints new glories wear,
While love and friendſhip ſeem more kind,
And beauty's ſelf appears more fair.

Such force fair virtue does impart
By thee preſented to our view,
It moves and melts each ſtubborn heart;
Her brightneſs cannot quite ſubdue.

While dreſt in angels pureſt light,
Her ſmiling image does appear
Pleaſing as beauty to the ſight,
Or muſic to the raviſh'd ear.

Would ſhe once more her ſkies forſake
What other features could ſhe chuſe,
What fairer form the goddeſs take,
To bleſs mankind than from thy Muſe?

Tranſported then with fond ſurpriſe
The lovely gueſt we ſhould adore,
And wonder how our partial eyes
Refus'd to own ſuch grace before.

Till viewing thoſe deceiving charms
Each breaſt ſubdue, we all agree
That pow'r which thus our ſoul diſarms
Was not her own but lent by thee.

Greatneſs no more with all her train
The virtuous mind ſhall now beguile,
By thee inſtructed to diſdain
When glory calls the Siren's ſmile.

No more renown and ſpecious fame
Shall ſtrive Ambition's rage to hide,
Nor Honour be a treach'rous name
To ſhade the tyrant's guilty pride.

The brave and gen'rous breaſt to awe,
The honeſt upright heart to gain,
The coward's hand his ſword ſhall draw,
The courtier's ſmiles be try'd in vain.

Againſt that dread thy ſcenes unfold
To arm our breaſts in vain we try;
Soon as the tragic tale is told
We melt, we languiſh, and we die.

The ſoul awhile her ground maintains,
Each death reſolving to deride,
But when the captive tells her pains
That ſoftneſs owns ſhe ſtrove to hide.

To view her rage direct the dart
Wakes in our breaſt a kind ſurpriſe,
Speaking the frailty of our heart
By the ſoft ſtreams that fill our eyes.

Eager our ſouls to bring relief
Swift from their op'ning boſom flow,
To ſooth the mourning parent's grief,
Or guard the infant from the blow.

So lively has each nymph complain'd
When Fate thy Muſe deſpairing drew,
That tho' we know her ſorrows feign'd
Yet ſtill we weep, and think them true.

A while we argue to perſuade
Our melting eyes to hide their woe,
Till to their view the lovely maid
Reveals her wounds and bids them flow.

Thy artful voice with equal eaſe
Each diff'rent paſſion can employ,
Now give us pain, but to increaſe
And from our grief improve our joy.

Who in your ſoft deceiving ſtrains
With thoſe kind conquerors agree,
Who threaten firſt the dreadful chains
Then ſet the trembling captive free.

What raptures does thy verſe infuſe
When beauty does the theme inſpire!
What heat tranſports thy ſoaring Muſe
If ſcenes of war thy boſom fire!

While for bright fame or gay delight
Each hero you alike prepare,
Lead the fierce warrior to the fight,
Or the young lover to the fair;

Nature, aſtoniſh'd at thy art,
Caſts on thy Muſe a jealous eye,
Her joys unable to impart,
Or longer pleaſe when thou art by.

The artiſt thus, his ſkill to grace,
Some beauteous breathing form deſign'd,
Forſakes the virgin's cheek, to trace
Features more bright in his own mind.

Each glowing charm the canvaſs fires
Does with delight the nymph ſurpriſe,
Who owes that beauty ſhe admires
More to his pencil than her eyes.

What tho' our laurels fairer riſe,
And from thy aſhes date their bloom?
We pay too dearly for the prize
Thus ſadly purchas'd by thy doom?

Pity, ye Gods! that doubtful dart
Which your myſterious anger threw
Should give at once both joy and ſmart,
Augment our fame and ſorrow too.

Juſt ſo the ſkies, ſeverely bright,
Their vengeful lightnings oft employ,
And gild that oak with fairer light
They mean next moment to deſtroy.

How mournful is the only choice
Your heav'ns afford our breaſt to eaſe!
Or to lament thy dying voice,
Or never hope our own ſhould pleaſe!

Thus to the heirs of bright renown
The purple you a while deny,
Who, ere they boaſt the regal crown,
Muſt view their king and parent die.

Strange! that the glories which we claim
From thy ſad fate no pleaſures give,
The fair increaſe of all our fame
The only cauſe for which we grieve.

See Shakeſpeare's awful rev'rend ſhade
Riſing his fav'rite to adore!
And binds thy brows with laurel, made
By Fame to ſhade his own before.

To thy indulgence pleas'd to owe
The terrors that his Muſe imparts,
To ſwell our eye the ſcenes of woe,
The moving dread to ſhake our hearts,

The diff'rent fates of all that reign
Diſtinguiſh'd in whoſe Muſe appear,
What the good man may hope to gain,
And what the daring tyrant fear.

Whoſe tragic voice ſhall next preſume
To fill our breaſts with ſad deſpair?
Or trembling for the lover's doom,
Or anxious for the dying fair?

To tears whoſe ſighs her wrongs confeſs
Our eyes with ſoft compaſſion flow,
Teaching thy virgin's feign'd diſtreſs
To give our boſom real woe.

In vain we aſk our reaſon's aid
To ſtop our tears or eaſe our pain;
To view thy fair repenting maid
Each cheek muſt ſwell each heart complain.

O! ſooth her anguiſh! calm her grief!
O! quickly to her refuge fly!
O! bring the fainting fair relief,
Or with her give us leave to die!

Such moving ſcenes thy Muſe unfolds,
Conſtrain'd its anguiſh to declare,
A ſavage heart each boſom holds
That can attend and not deſpair.

What wonders does thy verſe contain,
What magic thro' thy numbers flows!
Pleas'd with our grief we then complain,
Then only when we want our woes!

No eye thoſe ſorrows does refuſe
Thy penſive maids expiring give,
Scarce more delighted when thy Muſe
Suſpends their fate and bids them live.

Strange that our cheeks ſhould grieve the more
When you the falling tear reſtrain!
And to forbid us to deplore
Should only give us greater pain!

Thus trembling for her lover's fate
A while the virgin's ſorrows flow,
Owning to hear his ſighs abate
Her joy more painful than her woe.

Oh! may each Muſe with ſorrows meet
Soft as thy own thy worth declare,
Since nothing but a voice ſo ſweet
Can ever ſing a fame ſo fair.

A ſecond life to thy great dead
Thy kind inſpiring numbers gave:
Had we that pow'r the tears we ſhed
Had fell to wet ſome other grave.

Thine like each fabled hero's age
Thyſelf with virtue didſt inſpire,
And acting well on life's frail ſtage
Doſt with the ſame applauſe retire.

MISCELLANIES.

UNIO.

DUM Roſa purpureo ſuffunditur ora rubore,
Spina gravis nitidi floris amore calet.
Protinus armorum ponit pacatior iras,
Et jam blanda ſuæ porrigit ora Roſæ.
Ut videt alternis ambas concurrere votis,
Quæ regit hortorum maxima Flora, vices,
Fælices jubet hinc coeant in fœdera, utriſque
Unus, & ex Uno ſtemmate ſurgat honos.
Tu decus æternum, dixit, mea, da, Roſa, Spinæ,
Et tu perpetuam protege, Spina, Roſam.

THE UNION.

WHILE rich in brighteſt red the bluſhing Roſe
Her freſheſt op'ning beauties did diſcloſe,
Her the rough Thiſtle from a neighb'ring field
With fond deſires and lovers' eyes beheld;
Straight the fierce plant lays by his pointed darts,
And wooes the gentle flow'r with ſofter arts:
Kindly ſhe heard, and did his flame approve,
And own'd the warrior worthy of her love,
Flora, whoſe happy laws the ſeaſons guide,
Who does in fields and painted meads preſide,
And crowns the gardens with their flow'ry pride,
With pleaſure ſaw the wiſhing pair combine
To favour what their goddeſs did deſign,
And did them in eternal union join.
"Henceforth," ſhe ſaid, "in each returning year,
"One ſtem the Thiſtle and the Roſe ſhall bear;
"The Thiſtle's laſting grace thou, O my Roſe! ſhall be,
"The warlike Thiſtle's arms a ſure defence to thee."

MÆCENAS.

Verſes occaſioned by the Honours conferred on the Right Honourable the Earl of Halifax, 1714, being that year inſtalled Knight of the moſt noble order of the Garter.

PHOEBUS and Cæſar once conſpir'd to grace
A noble knight of ancient Tuſcan race.
The monarch, greatly conſcious of his worth,
From books and his retirement call'd him forth,
Adorn'd the patriot with the civic crown,
The Conſul's faſces and Patrician gown;
The world's whole wealth he gave him to beſtow,
And teach the ſtreams of treaſure where to flow;
To him he bade the ſuppliant nations come,
And on his counſels fix'd the fate of Rome.

The god of Wit, who taught him firſt to ſing
And tune high numbers to the vocal ſtring,
With jealous eyes beheld the bounteous king.
"Forbear," he cry'd, "to rob me of my ſhare,
"Our commmon fav'rite is our common care;
"Honours and wealth thy grateful hand may give,
"But Phœbus only bids the poet live.
"The ſervice of his faithful heart is thine;
"There let thy Julian ſtar an emblem ſhine;
"His mind and her imperial ſeat are mine.
"Then bind his brow, ye Theſpian Maids!" he ſaid;
The willing Muſes the command obey'd,
And wove the deathleſs laurel for his head.

VERSES.

MADE TO A SIMILE OF POPE'S.

WHILE at our houſe the ſervants brawl,
And raiſe an uproar in the hall,
When John the butler and our Mary
About the plate and linen vary,
Till the ſmart dialogue grows rich
In Sneaking Dog! and Ugly Bitch!
Down comes my lady, like the Devil,
And makes them ſilent all and civil.

Thus cannon clears the cloudy air,
And ſcatters tempeſts brewing there;
Thus bullies ſometimes keep the peace,
And one ſcold makes another ceaſe.

ON NICOLINI AND VALENTINI'S

FIRST COMING TO THE HOUSE IN THE HAY-MARKET.

AMPHION ſtrikes the vocal lyre,
And, ready at his call,
Harmonious brick and ſtone conſpire
To raiſe the Theban wall.
In emulation of his praiſe
Two Latin Signors come
A ſinking theatre to raiſe,
And prop Van's tott'ring dome.
But how this laſt ſhould come to paſs
Muſt ſtill remain unknown,
Since theſe poor gentlemen, alas!
Bring neither brick nor ſtone.

A POEM

ON THE LATE GLORIOUS SUCCESSES, ETC.

Humbly inſcribed to

THE LORD TREASURER GODOLPHIN.

WHILE kings and nations on thy counſels wait,
And Anna truſts to thee the Britiſh ſtate,
While Fame to thee from ev'ry foreign coaſt
Flies with the news of empires won and loſt,
Relates whate'er her buſy eyes beheld,
And tells the fortune of each bloody field,
While with officious duty crowds attend
To hail the labours of thy godlike friend,
Vouchſafe the Muſe's humbler joy to hear,
For ſacred numbers ſhall be ſtill thy care.
Tho' mean the verſe, tho' lowly be the ſtrain,
Tho' leaſt regarded be the Muſe of all the tuneful train,
Yet riſe, neglected Nymph! avow thy flame,
Aſſert th' inſpiring god, and greatly aim
To make thy numbers equal to thy theme:

From Heav'n derive thy verſe; to Heav'n belong
The counſels of the wiſe and battles of the ſtrong;
To Heav'n the royal Anna owes alone
The virtues which adorn and guard her throne;
Thence is her juſtice wretches to redreſs,
Thence is her mercy and her love of peace,
Thence is her pow'r, her ſceptre uncontroll'd,
To bend the ſtubborn and repreſs the bold;
Her peaceful arts fierce factions to aſſuage,
To heal their breaches and to ſooth their rage;
Thence is that happy prudence which preſides
In each deſign, and ev'ry action guides;
Thence is ſhe taught her ſhining court to grace,
And fix the worthieſt in the worthieſt place,
To truſt at home Godolphin's watchful care,
And ſend victorious Churchill forth to war.
Ariſe, ye Nations! reſcu'd by her ſword,
Freed from the bondage of a foreign lord,
Ariſe, and join the heroine to bleſs,
Behold ſhe ſends to ſave you from diſtreſs;
Rich is the royal bounty ſhe beſtows,
'Tis plenty, peace, and ſafety from your foes.
And thou, Iberia! rous'd at length, diſdain
To wear enſlav'd the Gallic tyrant's chain;
For ſee! the Britiſh Genius comes to cheer
Thy fainting ſons, and kindle them to war;
With her own glorious fires their ſouls ſhe warms,
And bids them burn for liberty and arms.
Unhappy Land! the foremoſt once in fame,
Once lifting to the ſtars thy noble name,
In arts excelling, and in arms ſevere,
The weſtern kingdoms' envy and their fear,
Where is thy pride, thy conſcious honour, flown,
Thy ancient valour and thy firſt renown?
How art thou ſunk among the nations now!
How haſt thou taught thy haughty neck to bow,
And dropt the warriors wreath inglorious from thy brow!
Not thus of old her valiant fathers bore
The bondage of the unbelieving Moor,

But oft alternate made the victors yield,
And prov'd their might in many a well fought field;
Bold in defence of liberty they ſtood,
And doubly dy'd their Croſs in Mooriſh blood:
Then in heroic arms their knights excell'd;
The tyrant then and giant then they quell'd:
Then ev'ry nobler thought their minds did move,
And thoſe who fought for freedom, ſigh'd for love.
Like one thoſe ſacred flames united live,
At once they languiſh and at once revive;
Alike they ſhun the coward and the ſlave,
But bleſs the free, the virtuous, and the brave.
Nor frown, ye Fair! nor think my verſe untrue;
Tho' we diſdain that man ſhould man ſubdue,
Yet all the free-born race are ſlaves alike to you.
  Yet once again that glory to reſtore,
The Britons ſeek the Celtiberian ſhore.
With echoing peals at Anna's high command
Their naval thunder wakes the drowſy land;
High at their head, Iberia's promis'd lord,
Young Charles of Auſtria, waves his ſhining ſword;
His youthful veins with hopes of empire glow,
Swell his bold heart, and urge him on the foe;
With joy he reads in ev'ry warrior's face
Some happy omen of a ſure ſucceſs,
Then leaps exulting on the hoſtile ſtrand,
And thinks the deſtin'd ſceptre in his hand.
  Nor Fate denies what firſt his wiſhes name,
Proud Barcelona owns his juſter claim,
With the firſt laurel binds his youthful brows,
And, pledge of future crowns, the mural wreath beſtows.
But ſoon the equal of his youthful years,
Philip of Bourbon's haughty line, appears:
Like hopes attend his birth, like glorious grace,
(If glory can be in a tyrant's race;)
In numbers proud he threats no more from far,
But nearer draws the black impending war;
He views his hoſt, then ſcorns the rebel town,
And dooms to certain death the rival of his crown.

Now fame and empire, all the nobler ſpoils
That urge the hero, and reward his toils,
Plac'd in their view alike their hopes engage,
And fire their breaſts with more than mortal rage.
Not lawleſs love, not vengeance, nor deſpair,
So daring, fierce, untam'd and furious are
As when ambition prompts the great to war;
As youthful kings, when, ſtriving for renown,
They prove their might in arms, and combat for a crown.
Hard was the cruel ſtrife, and doubtful long
Betwixt the chiefs ſuſpended conqueſt hung,
Till forc'd at length, diſdaining much to yield,
Charles to his rival quits the fatal field;
Numbers and fortune o'er his right prevail,
And ev'n the Britiſh valour ſeems to fail;
And yet they fail'd not all. In that extreme,
Conſcious of virtue, liberty, and fame,
They vow the youthful monarch's fate to ſhare,
Above diſtreſs, unconquer'd by deſpair,
Still to defend the town and animate the war.
But lo! when ev'ry better hope was paſt,
When ev'ry day of danger ſeem'd their laſt,
Far on the diſtant ocean they ſurvey,
Where a proud navy ploughs its wat'ry way.
Nor long they doubted, but with joy deſcry,
Upon the chief's tall topmaſts waving high,
The Britiſh Croſs and Belgic Lion fly.
Loud with tumultuous clamour, loud they rear
Their cries of ecſtaſy, and rend the air;
In peals on peals the ſhouts triumphant riſe,
Spread ſwift, and rattle thro' the ſpacious ſkies,
While from below old Ocean groans profound,
The walls, the rocks, the ſhores, repel the ſound,
Ring with the deaf'ning ſhock, and thunder all around!
Such was the joy the Trojan youth expreſs'd,
Who, by the fierce Rutilian's ſiege diſtreſs'd,
Where by the Tyrrhene aid at length releas'd;
When young Aſcanius, then in arms firſt try'd,
Numbers and ev'ry other want ſupply'd,
And haughty Turnus from his walls defy'd:

Sav'd in the town an empire yet to come,
And fix'd the fate of his imperial Rome.
But oh! what verſe, what numbers, ſhall reveal
Thoſe pangs of rage and grief the vanquiſh'd feel!
Who ſhall retreating Philip's ſhame impart,
And tell the anguiſh of his lab'ring heart!
What paint, what ſpeaking pencil, ſhall expreſs
The blended paſſions ſtriving in his face!
Hate, indignation, courage, pride, remorſe,
With thoughts of glory paſt, the loſer's greateſt curſe.
Fatal Ambition! ſay what wondrous charms
Delude mankind to toil for thee in arms,
When all thy ſpoils, thy wreaths in battle won,
The pride of pow'r and glory of a crown,
When all war gives, when all the great can gain,
Ev'n thy whole pleaſure, pays not half thy pain!
All hail! ye ſofter happier arts of peace,
Secur'd from harms, and bleſt with learned eaſe,
In battles, blood, and perils hard, unſkill'd,
Which haunt the warrior in the fatal field:
But chief thee, goddeſs Muſe! my verſe would raiſe,
And to thy own ſoft numbers tune thy praiſe;
Happy the youth inſpir'd, beneath thy ſhade,
Thy verdant ever-living laurels laid!
There ſafe, no pleaſures there, no pains, they know,
But thoſe which from thy ſacred raptures flow,
Nor wiſh for crowns but what thy groves beſtow.
Me, Nymph divine! nor ſcorn my humble pray'r,
Receive unworthy to thy kinder care,
Doom'd to a gentler, tho' more lowly fate,
Nor wiſhing once nor knowing to be great;
Me to thy peaceful haunts inglorious bring,
Where ſecret thy celeſtial ſiſters ſing,
Faſt by their ſacred hill and ſweet Caſtalian ſpring.
But nobler thoughts the victor prince employ,
And raiſe his heart with high triumphant joy;
From hence a better courſe of time rolls on,
And whiter days ſucceſſive ſeem to run;
From hence his kinder fortune ſeems to date
The riſing glories of his future ſtate;

From hence—but oh! too ſoon the hero mourns
His hopes deceiv'd and war's inconſtant turns.
In vain his echoing trumpets' loud alarms
Provoke the cold Iberian lords to arms;
Careleſs of fame, as of their monarch's fate,
In ſullen ſloth ſupinely proud they ſate,
Or to be ſlaves or free alike prepar'd,
And truſting Heav'n was bound to be their guard,
Untouch'd with ſhame the noble ſtrife beheld,
Nor once eſſay'd to ſtruggle to the field;
But ſought in the cold ſhade and rural ſeat,
An unmoleſting eaſe and calm retreat;
Saw each contending prince's arms advance,
Then, with a lazy dull indifference,
Turn'd to their reſt, and left the world to Chance.
So when, commanded by the wife of Jove,
Thaumantian Iris left the realms above,
And ſwift deſcending on her painted bow,
Sought the dull god of ſleep in ſhades below,
Nodding and ſlow his drowſy head he rear'd,
And heavily the ſacred meſſage heard;
Then with a yawn at once forgot the pain,
And ſunk to his firſt ſloth and indolence again.
But oh, my Muſe! th' ungrateful toil forſake,
Some taſk more pleaſing to thy numbers take,
Nor chuſe in melancholy ſtrains to tell
Each harder chance the juſter cauſe befel:
Or rather turn, auſpicious turn thy flight
Where Marlb'rough's heroic arms invite,
Where higheſt deeds the poet's breaſt inſpire
With rage divine, and fan the ſacred fire.
See where at once Ramillia's noble field
Ten thouſand themes for living verſe ſhall yield!
See where at once the dreadful objects riſe,
At once they ſpread before my wond'ring eyes,
And ſhock my lab'ring ſoul with vaſt ſurpriſe!
At once the wide extended battles move,
At once they join, at once their fate they prove!
The roar aſcends promiſc'ous; groans and cries,

The drums, the cannons' burſt, the ſhout, ſupplies
One univerſal anarchy of noiſe!
One din confus'd, ſound mixt and loſt in ſound,
Echoes to all the frighted cities round!
Thick duſt and ſmoke in wavy clouds ariſe,
Stain the bright day, and taint the purer ſkies;
While flaſhing flames like lightning dart between,
And fill the horror of the fatal ſcene!
Around the field, all dy'd in purple foam,
Hate, Fury, and inſatiate Slaughter, roam;
Diſcord with pleaſure o'er the ruin treads,
And laughing wraps her in her tatter'd weeds;
While fierce Bellona thunders in her car,
Shakes terrible her ſteely whip from far,
And with new rage revives the fainting war!
So when two currents, rapid in their courſe,
Ruſh to a point, and meet with equal force,
The angry billows rear their heads on high,
Daſhing aloft the foaming ſurges fly,
And riſing cloud the air with miſty ſpry;
The raging flood is heard from far to roar,
By liſt'ning ſhepherds on the diſtant ſhore,
While much they fear what ills it ſhould portend,
And wonder why the wat'ry gods contend.
  High in the midſt Britannia's warlike chief,
Too greatly bold and prodigal of life,
Is ſeen to preſs where death and dangers call;
Where the war bleeds and where the thickeſt fall
He flies, and drives confus'd the fainting Gaul.
Like heat diffus'd his great example warms,
And animates the ſocial warriors' arms,
Inflames each colder heart, confirms the bold,
Makes the young heroes, and renews the old.
In forms divine around him watchful wait
The guardian Genii of the Britiſh ſtate;
Juſtice and Truth his ſteps unerring guide,
And faithful Loyalty defends his ſide;
Prudence and Fortitude their Marlborough guard,
And pleaſing Liberty his labours cheer'd;

But chief the angel of his queen was there,
The Union Croſs his ſilver ſhield did bear,
And in his decent hand he ſhook a warlike ſpear;
While Victory celeſtial ſoars above,
Plum'd like the eagle of imperial Jove,
Hangs o'er the chief, whom ſhe delights to bleſs,
And ever arms his ſword with ſure ſucceſs,
Dooms him the proud oppreſſor to deſtroy,
Then waves her palm, and claps her wings for joy.
Such was young Ammon on Arbela's plain,
Or ſuch the painter * did the hero feign,
Where ruſhing on and fierce, he ſeems to ride
With graceful ardour and majeſtic pride,
With all the gods of Greece and Fortune on his ſide.
Nor long Bavaria's haughty prince in vain
Labours the fight unequal to maintain;
He ſees 'tis doom'd his fatal friend the Gaul
Shall ſhare the ſhame, and in one ruin fall;
Flies from the foe too oft in battle try'd,
And Heav'n contending on the victor's ſide,
Then mourns his raſh ambition's crime too late,
And yields reluctant to the force of Fate.
So when Æneas thro' night's gloomy ſhade
The dreadful forms of hoſtile gods ſurvey'd,
Hopeleſs he left the burning town and fled,
Saw 'twas in vain to prop declining Troy,
Or ſave what Heav'n had deſtin'd to deſtroy.
What vaſt reward, O Europe! ſhalt thou pay
To him who ſav'd thee on this glorious day?
Bleſs him, ye grateful Nations! where he goes,
And heap the victor's laurel on his brows.
In ev'ry land, in ev'ry city, freed
Let the proud column rear its marble head,
To Marlborough and Liberty decreed:
Rich with his wars, triumphal arches raiſe,
To teach your wond'ring ſons the hero's praiſe:

* Le Brun.

To him your ſkilful bards their verſe ſhall bring,
For him the tuneful voice be taught to ſing,
The breathing pipe ſhall ſwell, ſhall ſound the trembling ſtring.
O happy thou, where peace for ever ſmiles,
Britannia! nobleſt of the ocean's iſles,
Fair Queen! who doſt amidſt thy waters reign,
And ſtretch thy empire o'er the fartheſt main,
What tranſports in thy parent boſom roll'd
When Fame at firſt the pleaſing ſtory told!
How didſt thou lift thy tow'ry front on high!
Not meanly conſcious of a mother's joy,
Proud of thy ſon as Crete was of her Jove,
How wert thou pleas'd Heav'n did thy choice approve,
And fixt ſucceſs where thou hadſt fixt thy love!
How with regret his abſence didſt thou mourn!
How with impatience wait his wiſh'd return!
How were the winds accus'd for his delay!
How didſt thou chide the gods who rule the ſea,
And charge the Nereid nymphs to waft him on his way!
At length he comes, he ceaſes from his toil,
Like kings of old returning from the ſpoil:
To Britain and his queen for ever dear,
He comes their joy and grateful thanks to ſhare.
Lowly he kneels before the royal ſeat,
And lays its proudeſt wreaths at Anna's feet;
While form'd alike for labours or for eaſe,
In camps to thunder, or in courts to pleaſe,
Britain's bright nymphs make Marlborough their care,
In all his dangers, all his triumphs ſhare:
Conq'ring he lends the well pleas'd fair new grace,
And adds freſh luſtre to each beauteous face;
Britain, preſerv'd by his victorious arms,
With wondrous pleaſure each fair boſom warms,
Lightens in all their eyes, and doubles all their charms.
Ev'n his own Sunderland, in beauteous ſtore
So rich, ſhe ſeem'd incapable of more,
Now ſhines with graces never known before;
Fierce with tranſporting joy ſhe ſeems to burn,
And each ſoft feature takes a ſprightly turn;

New flames are ſeen to ſparkle in her eyes,
And on her blooming cheeks freſh roſes riſe;
The pleaſing paſſion heightens each bright hue,
And ſeems to touch the finiſh'd piece anew,
Improves what Nature's bounteous hand had giv'n,
And mends the faireſt workmanſhip of Heaven.
Nor joy like this in courts is only found,
But ſpreads to all the grateful people round:
Laborious hinds inur'd to rural toil,
To tend the flocks, and turn the mellow ſoil,
In homely guiſe their honeſt hearts expreſs,
And bleſs the warrior who protects the peace,
Who keeps the foe aloof, and drives afar
The dreadful ravage of the waſting war:
No rude deſtroyer cuts the rip'ning crop,
Prevents the harveſt, and deludes their hope;
No helpleſs wretches fly with wild amaze,
Look weeping back, and ſee their dwellings blaze;
The victor's chain no mournful captives know,
Nor hear the threats of the inſulting foe;
But Freedom laughs, the fruitful fields abound,
The cheerful voice of Mirth is heard to ſound,
And Plenty doles her various bounties round.
The humble village and the wealthy town
Conſenting join their happineſs to own.
What Heav'n and Anna's gentleſt reign afford,
All is ſecur'd by Marlborough's conq'ring ſword.
O ſacred, ever honour'd name! O thou
That wert our greateſt William once below!
What place ſoe'er thy virtues now poſſeſs,
Near the bright ſource of everlaſting bliſs,
Where'er exalted to ethereal height,
Radiant with ſtars thou tread'ſt the fields of light,
Thy ſeats divine, thy Heav'n, a while forſake,
And deign the Briton's triumph to partake.
Nor art thou chang'd, but ſtill thou ſhalt delight
To hear the fortune of the glorious fight,
How fail'd oppreſſion, and prevail'd the right.
What once below ſuch ſtill thy pleaſures are;
Europe and Liberty are ſtill thy care:

Thy great, thy gen'rous, pure, immortal, mind
Is ever to the public good inclin'd,
Is ſtill the tyrant's foe, and patron of mankind.
Behold where Marlborough, thy laſt beſt gift,
At parting to thy native Belgia left,
Succeeds to all thy kind paternal cares,
Thy watchful counſels and laborious wars;
Like thee aſpires by virtue to renown,
Fights to ſecure an empire not his own,
Reaps only toil himſelf, and gives away a crown.
At length thy pray'r, O pious Prince! is heard,
Heav'n has at length in its own cauſe appear'd;
At length Ramillia's field atones for all
The faithleſs breaches of the perjur'd Gaul;
At length a better age to man decreed,
With truth, with peace and juſtice, ſhall ſucceed;
Fall'n are the proud, and the griev'd world is freed.
One triumph yet, my Muſe! remains behind;
Another vegeance yet the Gaul ſhall find:
On Lombard plains beyond his Alpine hills
Louis the force of hoſtile Britain feels:
Swift to her friends diſtreſs'd her ſuccours fly,
And diſtant wars her wealthy ſons ſupply;
From ſlow unactive courts they grieve to hear
Eugene, a name to ev'ry Briton dear,
By tedious languiſhing delays is held
Repining and impatient from the field:
While factious ſtateſmen riot in exceſs,
And lazy prieſts whole provinces poſſeſs,
Of unregarded wants the brave complain,
And the ſtarv'd ſoldier ſues for bread in vain:
At once, with gen'rous indignation warm,
Britain the treaſure ſends, and bids the hero arm:
Straight eager to the field he ſpeeds away,
There vows the victor Gaul ſhall dear repay
The ſpoils of Calcinato's fatal day.
Cheer'd by the preſence of the chief they love,
Once more their fate the warriors long to prove;
Reviv'd each ſoldier lifts his drooping head,
Forgets his wounds, and calls him on to lead.

Again their creſts the German Eagles rear,
Stretch their broad wings and fan the Latian air;
Greedy for battle and the prey they call,
And point great Eugene's thunder on the Gaul.
The chief commands, and ſoon in dread array
Onwards the moving legions urge their way;
With hardy marches and ſucceſsful haſte
O'er ev'ry barrier fortunate they paſs'd
Which Nature or the ſkilful foe had plac'd.
The foe in vain with Gallic arts attends,
To mark which way the wary leader bends,
Vainly in war's myſterious rules is wiſe,
Lurks where tall woods and thickeſt coverts riſe,
And meanly hopes a conqueſt from ſurpriſe.
Now with ſwift horſe the plain around them beats,
And oft advances and as oft retreats;
Now fix'd to wait the coming force he ſeems,
Secur'd by ſteepy banks and rapid ſtreams,
While river gods in vain exhauſt their ſtore,
From plenteous urns the guſhing torrents pour,
Riſe o'er their utmoſt margins to the plain,
And ſtrive to ſtay the warrior's haſte in vain:
Alike they paſs the plain and cloſer wood,
Explore the ford, and tempt the ſwelling flood;
Unſhaken ſtill purſue the ſtedfaſt courſe, [force.
And where they want their way, they find it or they
But anxious thoughts Savoy's great prince infeſt,
And roll ill boding in his careful breaſt:
Oft he revolves the ruins of the great,
And ſadly thinks on loſt Bavaria's fate,
The hapleſs mark of Fortune's cruel ſport,
An exile, meanly forc'd to beg ſupport
From the ſlow bounties of a foreign court!
Forc'd from his lov'd Turin, his laſt retreat,
His glory once and empire's ancient ſeat,
He ſees from far, where wide deſtructions ſpread,
And fiery ſhow'rs the goodly town invade,
Then turns to mourn in vain his ruin'd ſtate,
And curſe the unrelenting tyrant's hate.

But great Eugene prevents his ev'ry fear,
He had reſolv'd it, and he would be there:
Not danger, toil, the tedious weary way,
Nor all the Gallic pow'rs, his promis'd aid delay.
Like Truth itſelf, unknowing how to fail,
He ſcorn'd to doubt, and knew he muſt prevail.
Thus ever certain does the ſun appear,
Bound by the law of Jove's eternal year;
Thus conſtant to his courſe ſets out at morn,
Round the wide world in twice twelve hours is borne,
And to a moment keeps his fix'd return.
Straight to the town the heroes turn their care,
Their friendly ſuccour for the brave prepare,
And on the foe united bend the war.
O'er the ſteep trench and rampart's guarded height
At once they ruſh, and drive the rapid flight:
With idle arms the Gallic legions ſeem
To ſtem the rage of the reſiſtleſs ſtream;
At once it bears them down, at once they yield,
Headlong are puſh'd and ſwept along the field:
Reſiſtance ceaſes, and 'tis war no more;
At once the vanquiſh'd own the victor's pow'r:
Thro'out the field where'er they turn their ſight
'Tis all or conqueſt or inglorious flight.
Swift to their reſcu'd friends their joys they bear,
With life and liberty at once they cheer,
And ſave them in the moment of deſpair.
So timely to the aid of ſinking Rome
With active haſte did great Carmillus come;
So to the Capitol he forc'd his way,
So from the proud Barbarian's ſnatch'd his prey,
And ſav'd his country in one ſignal day.
From impious arms at length, O Louis! ceaſe,
And leave at length the lab'ring world in peace;
Leſt heav'n diſcloſe ſome yet more fatal ſcene,
Fatal beyond Ramillia or Turin;
Leſt from thy hand thou ſee thy ſceptre torn,
And humbled in the duſt thy loſſes mourn;

Left urg'd at length thy own repining ſlave,
Tho' fond of burdens, and in bondage brave,
Purſue thy hoary head with curſes to the grave.

OCCASIONED BY HIS FIRST VISIT.

TO LADY WARWICK,

AT HOLLAND HOUSE.

I.

HEARING that Chloe's bow'r crown'd
The ſummit of a neighb'ring hill,
Where ev'ry rural joy was found,
Where health and wealth were plac'd around
To wait like ſervants on her will;

II.

I went and found 'twas as they ſaid,
That ev'ry thing look'd freſh and fair;
Her herds in flow'ry paſtures ſtray'd,
Delightful was the green-wood ſhade,
And gently breath'd the balmy air.

III.

But when I found my troubled heart
Uneaſy grown within my breaſt,
My breath came ſhort, and in each part
Some new diſorder ſeem'd to ſtart,
Which pain'd me ſore and broke my reſt;

IV.

"Some noxious vapour ſure," I ſaid,
"From this unwholeſome ſoil muſt riſe;
"Some ſecret venom is convey'd,
"Or from this field, or from that ſhade,
"That does the powers of life ſurpriſe."

V.

Soon as the ſkilful leech beheld
The change that in my health was grown,
"Blame not," he cry'd, "nor wood nor field;
"Diſeaſes which ſuch ſymptoms yield
"Proceed from Chloe's eyes alone.

VI.

"Alike ſhe kills in ev'ry air;
"The coldeſt breaſt her beauties warm;

" And tho' the fever took you there,
" If Chloe had not been ſo fair,
" The place had never done you harm."

THE VISIT.

WIT and Beauty t'other day
Chanc'd to take me in their way,
And, to make the favour greater,
Brought the Graces and Goodnature,
Converſation care beguiling,
Joy in dimples ever ſmiling,
All the pleaſures here below
Men can aſk or gods beſtow.
A jolly train, believe me! No:
There were but two, Lepell * and Howe.

THE CONTENTED SHEPHERD.

TO MRS. A——D—.

I.

AS on a ſummer's day
In the green-wood ſhade I lay,
The maid that I lov'd,
As her fancy mov'd,
Came walking forth that way;

II.

And, as ſhe paſſed by,
With a ſcornful glance of her eye,
" What a ſhame," quoth ſhe,
" For a ſwain muſt it be
" Like a lazy loon for to die!

III.

" And doſt thou nothing heed
" What Pan our god has decreed,
" What a prize to-day
" Shall be giv'n away
" To the ſweeteſt ſhepherd's reed?

IV.

" There is not a ſingle ſwain
" Of all this fruitful plain

* Afterwards the celebrated Lady Harvey.

" But with hopes and fears
" Now buſily prepares
" The bonny boon to gain.

V.

" Shall another maiden ſhine
" In brighter array than thine?
" Up, up, dull ſwain!
" Tune thy pipe once again,
" And make the garland mine."

VI.

" Alas, my love!" he cry'd,
" What avails this courtly pride?
" Since thy dear deſert
" Is written in my heart,
" What is all the world beſide?

VII.

" To me thou art more gay,
" In this homely ruſſet grey,
" Than the nymphs of our green,
" So trim and ſo ſheen,
" Or the brighteſt queen of May.

VIII.

" What tho' my fortune frown,
" And deny thee a ſilken gown?
" My own dear maid!
" Be content with this ſhade
" And a ſhepherd all thy own."

EPISTLES.

AN EPISTLE TO FLAVIA,

ON THE SIGHT OF

TWO PINDARIC ODES

ON THE SPLEEN AND VANITY.

*Written by a Lady her Friend.**

FLAVIA, to you with ſafety I commend
This verſe, the ſecret failing of your friend:
To your good nature I ſecurely truſt,
Who know that to conceal is to be juſt.
The Muſe, like wretched maids by love undone,
From friends, acquaintance, and the light, would run;
Conſcious of folly, fears attending ſhame,
Fears the cenſorious world, and loſs of fame.
Some confidant by chance ſhe finds (tho' few
Pity the fools whom love or verſe undo)
Whoſe fond compaſſion ſooths her in the ſin,
And ſets her on to venture once again.
Sure in the better ages of old time
Nor poetry nor love was thought a crime;
From Heav'n they both, the gods' beſt gifts, were ſent,
Divinely perfect both and innocent.
Then were bad poets and looſe loves not known;
None felt a warmth which they might bluſh to own:
Beneath cool ſhades our happy fathers lay,
And ſpent in pure untainted joys the day:
Artleſs their loves, artleſs their numbers, were,
While Nature ſimply did in both appear,
Nor could the cenſor or the critic fear:
Pleas'd to be pleas'd, they took what Heav'n beſtow'd,
Nor were too curious of the given good.
At length, like Indians fond of fancy'd toys,
We loſt being happy, to be thought more wiſe.
In one curs'd age, to puniſh verſe and ſin,
Critics and hangmen both at once came in.
Wit and the laws had both the ſame ill fate,
And partial tyrants ſway'd in either ſtate.

* Anne, Counteſs of Winchelſea.

Illnatur'd cenſure would be ſure to damn
An alien wit of independant fame,
While Bays, grown old, and harden'd in offence,
Was ſuffer'd to write on in ſpite of ſenſe.
Back'd by his friends, th' invader brought along
A crew of foreign words into our tongue,
To ruin and enſlave the free-born Engliſh ſong.
Still the prevailing faction propt his throne,
And to four volumes let his plays run on;
Then a lew'd tide of verſe with vicious rage
Broke in upon the morals of the age.
The ſtage (whoſe art was once the mind to move
To noble daring and to virtuous love)
Precept with pleaſure mix'd no more profeſt,
But dealt in double meaning bawdy jeſt;
The ſhocking ſounds offend the bluſhing fair,
And drive them from the guilty theatre.
Ye wretched Bards! from whom theſe ills have ſprung,
Whom the avenging pow'rs have ſpar'd too long,
Well may you fear the blow will ſurely come;
Your Sodom has no Ten t'avert its doom;
Unleſs the fair Ardelia will alone
To heav'n for all the guilty tribe atone;
Nor can Ten ſaints do more than ſuch a One:
Since ſhe alone of the poetic crowd
To the falſe gods of Wit has never bow'd,
The empire which ſhe ſaves ſhall own her ſway,
And all Parnaſſus her bleſs'd laws obey.
Say from what ſacred fountain, Nymph divine!
The treaſures flow which in thy verſe do ſhine?
With what ſtrange inſpiration art thou bleſt!
What more than Delphic ardour warms thy breaſt!
Our ſordid earth ne'er bred ſo bright a flame,
But from the ſkies, thy kindred ſkies, it came.
To numbers great like thine th' angelic choir
In joyous concert tune the golden lyre;
Viewing with pitying eyes our cares, with thee
They wiſely own that "All his vanity;"
Ev'n all the joys which mortal minds can know,
And find Ardelia's verſe the leaſt vain thing below.

If Pindar's name to thoſe bleſs'd manſions reach,
And mortal Muſes may immortal teach,
In verſe like his the heav'nly nation raiſe
Their tuneful voices to their Maker's praiſe:
Nor ſhall celeſtial harmony diſdain
For once to imitate an earthly ſtrain,
Whoſe fame ſecure no rival e'er can fear,
But thoſe above and fair Ardelia here.
She who undaunted could his raptures view,
And with bold wings his ſacred heights purſue,
Safe thro' the Dithyrambic ſtream ſhe ſteer'd,
Nor the rough deep in all its dangers fear'd:
Not ſo the reſt, who with ſucceſsful pain
Th' unnavigable torrent try'd in vain.
So Clelia leap'd into the rapid flood,
While the Etruſcans ſtruck with wonder ſtood:
Amidſt the waves her raſh purſuers dy'd;
The matchleſs dame could only ſtem the tide,
And gain the glory of the farther ſide.
See with what pomp the antic maſk comes in,
The various forms of the fantaſtic ſpleen!
Vain empty laughter, howling grief and tears,
Falſe joy, bred by falſe hope and falſer fears,
Each vice, each paſſion, which pale nature wears
In this odd monſtrous medley mix'd appears.
Like Bays's dance confus'dly round they run,
Stateſman, coquette, gay fop, and penſive nun,
Spectres and heroes, huſbands and their wives,
With Monkiſh drones that dream away their lives.
Long have I labour'd with the dire diſeaſe,
Nor found but from Ardelia's numbers eaſe:
The dancing verſe runs thro' my ſluggiſh veins,
Where dull and cold the frozen blood remains.
Pale cares and anxious thoughts give way in haſte,
And to returning joy reſign my breaſt;
Then free from ev'ry pain I did endure,
I bleſs the charming author of my cure.
So when to Saul the great muſician play'd,
The ſullen fiend unwillingly obey'd,
And left the monarch's breaſt, to ſeek ſome ſafer ſhade.

STANZAS
TO LADY WARWICK,
On Mr. Addiſon's going to Ireland.

I.

YE Gods and Nereid nymphs who rule the ſea,
Who chain loud ſtorms and ſtill the raging main!
With care the gentle Lycidas convey,
And bring the faithful lover ſafe again.

II.

When Albion's ſhore with cheerleſs heart he left,
Penſive and ſad upon the deck he ſtood,
Of ev'ry joy in Chloe's eyes bereft,
And wept his ſorrows in the ſwelling flood.

III.

Ah, faireſt maid! whom, as I well divine,
The righteous gods his juſt reward ordain,
For his return thy pious wiſhes join,
That thou at length mayſt pay him for his pain.

IV.

And ſince his love does thine alone purſue,
In arts unpractis'd and unus'd to range,
I charge thee be by his example true,
And ſhun thy ſex's inclination, change.

V.

When crowds of youthful lovers round thee wait,
And tender thoughts in ſweeteſt words impart,
When thou art woo'd by titles, wealth, and ſtate,
Then think of Lycidas and guard thy heart.

VI.

When the gay theatre ſhall charm thy eyes,
When artful wit ſhall ſpeak thy beauty's praiſe,
When harmony ſhall thy ſoft ſoul ſurpriſe,
Sooth all thy ſenſes and thy paſſions raiſe;

VII.

Amidſt whatever various joys appear,
Yet breathe one ſigh, for one ſad minute mourn,
Nor let thy heart know our delight ſincere
Till thy own trueſt Lycidas return.

TO LORD WARWICK,

ON HIS BIRTH-DAY.

WHEN fraught with all that grateful minds can move,
With friendſhip, tenderneſs, reſpect, and love,
The Muſe had wiſh'd on this returning day
Something moſt worthy of herſelf to ſay:
To Jove ſhe offer'd up an humble pray'r
To take the noble Warwick to his care:
"Give him," ſhe ſaid, "whate'er diviner grace
"Adorns the ſoul or beautifies the face;
"Let manly conſtancy confirm his truth,
"And gentleſt manners crown his blooming youth:
"Give him to fame, to virtue, to aſpire,
"Worthy our ſongs and thy informing fire;
"All various praiſe, all honours let him prove,
"Let men admire, and ſighing virgins love;
"With honeſt zeal inflame his gen'rous mind,
"To love his country and protect mankind."
Attentive to her pray'r, the god reply'd,
"Why doſt thou aſk what has not been deny'd?
"Jove's bounteous hand has laviſh'd all his pow'r,
"And making what he is can add no more:
"Yet ſince I joy in what I did create,
"I will prolong the fav'rite Warwick's fate,
"And lengthen out his years to ſome uncommon date."

TO LADY JANE WHARTON.

ON HER STUDYING THE GLOBE.

WHILE o'er the Globe, fair Nymph! your ſearches run,
And trace its rolling circuit round the ſun,
You ſeem'd the world beneath you to ſurvey,
With eyes ordain'd to give its people day;
With two fair lamps methought your nations ſhone,
While ours are poorly lighted up by one.
How did thoſe rays your happier empire gild!
How clothe the flow'ry mead and fruitful field!

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Amidſt whatever various joys appear,
Yet breathe one ſigh, for one ſad minute mourn,
Nor let thy heart know our delight ſincere
Till thy own trueſt Lycidas return.

TO LORD WARWICK,

ON HIS BIRTH-DAY.

WHEN fraught with all that grateful minds can move,
With friendſhip, tenderneſs, reſpect, and love,
The Muſe had wiſh'd on this returning day
Something moſt worthy of herſelf to ſay:
To Jove ſhe offer'd up an humble pray'r
To take the noble Warwick to his care:
"Give him," ſhe ſaid, "whate'er diviner grace
"Adorns the ſoul or beautifies the face;
"Let manly conſtancy confirm his truth,
"And gentleſt manners crown his blooming youth:
"Give him to fame, to virtue, to aſpire,
"Worthy our ſongs and thy informing fire;
"All various praiſe, all honours let him prove,
"Let men admire, and ſighing virgins love;
"With honeſt zeal inflame his gen'rous mind,
"To love his country and protect mankind."
Attentive to her pray'r, the god reply'd,
"Why doſt thou aſk what has not been deny'd?
"Jove's bounteous hand has laviſh'd all his pow'r,
"And making what he is can add no more:
"Yet ſince I joy in what I did create,
"I will prolong the fav'rite Warwick's fate,
"And lengthen out his years to ſome uncommon date."

TO LADY JANE WHARTON.

ON HER STUDYING THE GLOBE.

WHILE o'er the Globe, fair Nymph! your ſearches run,
And trace its rolling circuit round the ſun,
You ſeem'd the world beneath you to ſurvey,
With eyes ordain'd to give its people day;
With two fair lamps methought your nations ſhone,
While ours are poorly lighted up by one.
How did thoſe rays your happier empire gild!
How clothe the flow'ry mead and fruitful field!

Your earth was in eternal ſpring array'd,
And laughing joy amidſt its natives play'd.
Such is their day, but cheerleſs is their night,
No friendly moon reflects your abſent light:
And, oh! when yet ere many years are paſt
Thoſe beams on other objects ſhall be plac'd,
When ſome young hero, with reſiſtleſs art,
Shall draw thoſe eyes, and warm that virgin heart:
How ſhall your creatures then their loſs deplore,
And want thoſe ſuns that riſe for them no more!
The bliſs you give will be confin'd to one,
And for his ſake your world muſt be undone.

TO MRS. PULTENEY,

UPON HER GOING ABROAD.

TIR'D with the frequent miſchiefs of her eyes,
To diſtant climes the fair Belinda flies;
She ſees her ſpreading flames conſume around,
And not another conqueſt to be found:
Secure in foreign realms at will to reign,
She leaves her vaſſals here with proud diſdain;
One only joy which in her heart ſhe wears,
The dear companion of her flight ſhe bears.
Æneas thus a burning town forſook,
Thus into baniſhment his gods he took;
But, to retrieve his native Troy's diſgrace
Fix'd a new empire in a happier place.

EPIGRAMS.

EPIGRAM.

On a Lady who ſhed her Water at ſeeing the Tragedy of Cato, occaſioned by an Epigram on a Lady who wept at it.

WHILST maudlin Whigs deplore their Cato's fate,
Still with dry eyes the Tory Celia ſate;
But tho' her pride forbade her eyes to flow,
The guſhing waters found a vent below.
Tho' ſecret, yet with copious ſtreams ſhe mourns,
Like twenty river gods with all their urns.
Let others ſcrew an hypocritic face,
She ſhews her grief in a ſincerer place.
Here Nature reigns and paſſion void of art,
For this road leads directly to the heart.

IMITATED IN LATIN.

PLORAT fata ſui dum cætera turba Catonis,
Ecce! oculis ſiccis Cælia fixa ſedet;
At quanquam lacrymis faſtus vetat ora rigari,
Invenère viam quâ per opaca fluant:
Clam dolet illa quidem, manat tamen humor abundè,
Numinis ex urnâ, ceu fluvialis aqua.
Diſtorquent aliæ vultus, ſimulantque dolorem:
Quæ magè ſincera eſt Cælia parte dolet.
Quâ mera natura eſt, non perſonata per artem,
Quêque itur rectâ cordis ad ima viâ.

EPIGRAM.

TO THE TWO NEW MEMBERS FOR BRAMBER, 1708.

THO' in the Commons' Houſe you did prevail,
Good Sir Cleeve Moore and gentle Maſter Hale!
Yet on good luck be cautious of relying;
Burgeſs for Bramber is no place to die in.
Your predeceſſors have been oddly fated;
Aſgill and Shippen have been both tranſlated.

EPIGRAM.

On the Prince of Wales, then Regent, appearing at the Fire in Spring-Garden, 1716.

THY Guardian, bleſt Britannia! ſcorns to ſleep
When the ſad ſubjects of his father weep;
Weak princes by their fears increaſe diſtreſs;
He faces danger, and ſo makes it leſs.
Tyrants on blazing towns may ſmile with joy;
He knows to ſave is greater than deſtroy. 6

ODES.

ODE FOR THE NEW YEAR 1716.

I.

HAIL to thee, glorious riſing Year!
With what uncommon grace thy days appear!
Comely art thou in thy prime,
Lovely child of hoary Time!
Where thy golden footſteps tread,
Pleaſures all around thee ſpread;
Bliſs and beauty grace thy train:
Muſe! ſtrike the lyre to ſome immortal ſtrain.
But oh! what ſkill, what maſter-hand,
Shall govern or conſtrain the wanton band!
Looſe, like my verſe, they dance; and all without com-
Images of faireſt things [mand.
Crowd about the ſpeaking ſtrings;
Peace and ſweet Proſperity,
Faith and cheerful Loyalty,
With ſmiling Love and deathleſs Poeſy.

II.

Ye ſcowling Shades who break away,
Well do ye fly and ſhun the purple day!
Ev'ry fiend and fiend-like form,
Black and ſullen as a ſtorm,
Jealous Fear and falſe Surmiſe,
Danger with her dreadful eyes,
Faction, Fury, all are fled,
And bold Rebellion hides her daring head.
Behold, thou gracious Year! behold
To whom thy treaſures all thou ſhalt unfold,
For whom thy whiter days were kept from times of old!
See thy George, for this is he!
On his right-hand waiting free,
Britain and fair Liberty:
Ev'ry good is in his face,
Ev'ry open honeſt grace;
Thou great Plantagenet! immortal be thy race!

III.

See the ſacred ſcion ſprings,
See the glad promiſe of a line of kings!
Royal youth! what bard divine,
Equal to a praiſe like thine,
Shall in ſome exalted meaſure
Sing thee, Britain's deareſt treaſure!
Who her joy in thee ſhall tell,
Who the ſprightly note ſhall ſwell,
His voice attemp'ring to the tuneful ſhell?
Thee Audenard's recorded field,
Bold in thy brave paternal band, beheld,
And ſaw with hopeleſs heart thy fainting rival yield:
Troubled he, with ſore diſmay,
To thy ſtronger fate gave way;
Safe beneath thy noble ſcorn
Wingy footed was he borne
Swift as the fleeting ſhades upon the golden corn.

IV.

What valour, what diſtinguiſh'd worth,
From thee ſhall lead the coming ages forth!
Creſted helms and ſhining ſhields,
Warriors fam'd in foreign fields,
Hoary heads with olive bound,
Kings and lawgivers renown'd!
Crowding ſtill they riſe anew
Beyond the reach of deep prophetic view.
Young Auguſtus! never ceaſe,
Pledge of our preſent and our future peace;
Still pour the bleſſings forth and give thy great increaſe.
All the ſtock that Fate ordains
To ſupply ſucceeding reigns,
Whether glory ſhall inſpire
Gentler arts or martial fire,
Still the fair deſcent ſhall be
Dear to Albion all like thee,
Patrons of righteous rules and foes to tyranny.

V.

Ye golden Lights who ſhine on high,
Ye potent Planets who aſcend the ſky!

On the op'ning Year diſpenſe
All your kindeſt influence:
Heav'nly Pow'rs! be all prepar'd
For our Carolina's guard:
Short and eaſy be the pains
Which for a nation's weal the heroine ſuſtains.
Britannia's Angel be thou near!
The growing race is thy peculiar care;
Oh ſpread thy ſacred wing above the royal fair!
George by thee was wafted o'er
To the long expected ſhore;
None preſuming to withſtand
Thy celeſtial armed hand,
While his ſacred head to ſhade
The blended croſs on high thy ſilver ſhield diſplay'd.

VI.

But oh! what other form divine
Propitious near the hero ſeems to ſhine!
Peace of mind and joy ſerene
In her ſacred eyes are ſeen;
Honour binds her mitred brow,
Faith and Truth beſide her go,
With Zeal and pure Devotion bending low.
A thouſand ſtorms around her threat,
A thouſand billows roar beneath her feet,
While fix'd upon a rock ſhe keeps her ſtable ſeat.
Still in ſign of ſure defence
Truſt and mutual confidence,
On the monarch ſtanding by
Still ſhe bends her gracious eye,
Nor fears her foes approach while Heav'n and he are nigh.

VII.

Hence then with ev'ry anxious care;
Be gone, pale Envy! and thou, cold Deſpair!
Seek ye out a moody cell,
Where Deceit and Treaſon dwell;
There repining, raging, ſtill
The idle air with curſes fill,
There blaſt the pathleſs wild and the bleak northern hill;

There your exile vainly moan;
There where with murmurs horrid as your own
Beneath the ſweeping winds the bending foreſts groan;
But thou, Hope! with ſmiling cheer,
Do thou bring the ready year.
See the hours! a choſen band,
See with jocund looks they ſtand,
All in their trim array, and waiting for command.

VIII.

The welcome train begins to move,
Hope leads Increaſe and chaſte Connubial Love;
Flora ſweet her bounty ſpreads,
Smelling gardens, painted meads;
Ceres crowns the yellow plain,
Pan rewards the ſhepherd's pain:
All is plenty, all is wealth,
And on the balmy air ſits roſy-colour'd Health.
I hear the mirth, I hear the land rejoice,
Like many waters ſwells the pealing noiſe,
While to their monarch thus they raiſe the public voice:
" Father of thy country! hail,
" Always ev'ry where prevail:
" Pious, valiant, juſt, and wiſe,
" Better ſuns for thee ariſe,
" Purer breezes fan the ſkies;
" Earth in fruits and flow'rs is dreſt,
" Joy abounds in ev'ry breaſt:
" For thee thy people all, for thee the Year, is bleſt.

ODE FOR THE NEW YEAR 1717.

WINTER! thou hoary venerable ſire,
All richly in thy furry mantle clad,
What thoughts of mirth can feeble age inſpire,
To make thy careful wrinkled brow ſo glad?

II.

Now I ſee the reaſon plain,
Now I ſee thy jolly train;
Snowy-headed Winter leads,
Spring and Summer next ſucceeds,
Yellow Autumn brings the rear:
Thou art father of the Year.

III.

While from the frosty mellow'd earth
Abounding plenty takes her birth,
The conscious sire exulting sees
The seasons spread their rich increase;
So dusky Night and Chaos smil'd
On beauteous Form, their lovely child.

IV.

O fair Variety!
What bliss thou dost supply!
The foul brings forth the fair
To deck the changing Year.
When our old pleasures die,
Some new one still is nigh;
Oh fair Variety!

V.

Our passions, like the seasons, turn;
And now we laugh, and now we mourn.
Britannia late oppress with dread,
Hung her declining drooping head:
A better visage now she wears,
And now at once she quits her fears:
Strife and war no more she knows,
Rebel sons nor foreign foes.

VI.

Safe beneath her mighty master
In security she sits,
Plants her loose foundations faster,
And her sorrows past forgets.

VII.

Happy Isle! the care of Heav'n,
To the guardian hero giv'n;
Unrepining still obey him,
Still with love and duty pay him.

VIII.

Tho' he parted from thy shore
While contesting kings attend him,
Could he, Britain! give thee more
Than the pledge he left behind him?

ODE TO PEACE,

FOR THE YEAR 1718.

I.

THOU faireſt ſweeteſt daughter of the ſkies,
Indulgent, gentle, life-reſtoring Peace!
With what auſpicious beauties doſt thou riſe,
And Britain's new-revolving Janus bleſs!

II.

Hoary Winter ſmiles before thee,
Dances merrily along,
Hours and ſeaſons all adore thee,
And for thee are ever young.
Ever, Goddeſs! thus appear,
Ever lead the joyful Year.

III.

In thee the night, in thee the day, is bleſt;
In thee the deareſt of the purple eaſt:
'Tis thine immortal pleaſures to impart,
Mirth to inſpire, and raiſe the drooping heart:
To thee the pipe and tuneful ſtring belong,
Thou theme eternal for the poet's ſong.

IV.

Awake the golden lyre,
Ye Heliconian choir!
Swell ev'ry note ſtill higher,
And melody inſpire
At heaven and earth's deſire.

V.

Hark, how the ſounds agree
With due complacency!
Sweet Peace! it is all by thee,
For thou art harmony.

VI.

Who by Nature's faireſt creatures
Can deſcribe her heav'nly features?
What compariſon can fit her?
Sweet are roſes, ſhe is ſweeter;
Light is good, but Peace is better.

Would you ſee her, ſuch as Jove,
Form'd for univerſal love,
Bleſs'd by men and gods above?
Would you ev'ry feature trace,
Ev'ry ſweetly ſmiling grace?
Seek our Carolina's face.

VII.

Peace and ſhe are Britain's treaſures,
Fruitful in eternal pleaſures;
Still their bounty ſhall increaſe us,
Still their ſmiling offspring bleſs us.
Happy day when each was giv'n
By Cæſar and indulging Heav'n!

CHORUS.

Hail, ye celeſtial Pair!
Still let Britannia be your care,
And Peace and Carolina crown the Year.

ODE FOR THE KING'S BIRTH DAY, 1718.

I.

OH touch the ſtring, celeſtial Muſe! and ſay
Why are peculiar times and ſeaſons bleſt?
Is it in fate that one diſtinguiſh'd day
Should with more hallow'd purple paint the eaſt?

II.

Look on life and nature's race,
How the careleſs minutes paſs,
How they wear a common face;
One is what another was
Till the happy hero's worth
Bid the feſtival ſtand forth,
Till the golden light he crown,
Till he mark it for his own.

III.

How had this glorious morning been forgot,
Unthought of as the things that never were,
Had not our greateſt Cæſar been its lot,
And call'd it from amongſt the vulgar Year!

IV.

Now Nature be gay
In the pride of thy May,

To court let thy graces repair;
Let Flora beſtow
The crown from her brow
For our brighter Britannia to wear.

V.

Thro' ev'ry language of thy peopled earth,
Far as the ſea's or Cæſar's influence goes,
Let thankful nations celebrate his birth,
And bleſs the author of the world's repoſe.

VI.

Let Volga tumbling in caſcades,
And Po that glides thro' poplar ſhades,
And Tagus bright in ſands of gold,
And Arethuſa, rivers old,
Their great deliv'rer ſing;
Nor, Danube! thou, whoſe winding flood
So long has bluſh'd with Turkiſh blood,
To Cæſar ſhall refuſe a ſtrain,
Since now thy ſtreams without a ſtain
Run cryſtal as their ſpring.

CHORUS.

To mighty George that heals thy wounds,
That names thy kings and marks thy bounds,
The joyful voice, O Europe! raiſe:
In the great mediator's praiſe
Let all thy various tongues combine,
And Britain's feſtival be thine.

ODE TO THE THAMES,

FOR THE YEAR 1719.

I.

KING of the Floods! whom friendly ſtars ordain
To fold alternate in thy winding train,
The lofty palace and the fertile vale,
King of the Floods! Britannia's darling, hail!
Hail with the Year ſo well begun,
And bid his each revolving ſun,
Taught by thy ſtreams, in ſmooth ſucceſſion run.

II.

From thy never-failing urn,
Flowers bloom, and fair increaſe
With the ſeaſons take their turn;
From thy tributary ſeas
Tides of various wealth attend thee;
Seas and ſeaſons all befriend thee.

III.

Here on thy banks, to mate the ſkies,
Auguſta's hallow'd domes ariſe,
And there thy ample boſom pours
Her num'rous ſouls and floating tow'rs;
Whoſe terrors late to vanquiſh'd Spain were known,
And Ætna ſhook with thunder not her own.

IV.

Fulleſt flags thou doſt ſuſtain,
While thy banks confine thy courſe,
Emblem of our Cæſar's reign,
Mingling clemency and force.

V.

So mayſt thou, ſtill ſecur'd by diſtant wars,
Ne'er ſtain thy cryſtal with domeſtic jars;
As Cæſar's reign, to Britain ever dear,
Shall join with thee to bleſs the coming year.

VI.

On thy ſhady margin
Care its load diſcharging,
Is lull'd to gentle reſt:
Britain thus diſarming,
Nor no more alarming,
Shall ſleep on Cæſar's breaſt.

VII.

Sweet to diſtreſs is balmy ſleep,
To ſleep auſpicious dreams,
Thy meadows, Thames! to feeding ſheep,
To thirſt thy ſilver ſtreams;
More ſweet than all the praiſe
Of Cæſar's golden days:
Cæſar's praiſe is ſweeter,
Britain's pleaſure greater:

Still may Cæsar's reign excel;
Sweet the praise of reigning well.

CHORUS.

Gentle Janus! ever wait,
As now, on Britains kindest fate;
Crown all our vows and all thy gifts bestow
Till Time no more renews his date,
And Thames forgets to flow.

28
54
FEB

Painted by L.P. Engraved for C.Cooke. Feby 13.1797. Engraved by Bromley.

SONGS.

SONG. A GAME AT FLATS*.

I.

WHILE Sappho with harmonious airs
Her dear Philenis charms,
With equal joy the nymph appears
Diſſolving in his arms.

II.

Thus to themſelves alone they are
What all mankind can give;
Alternately the happy pair
All grant and all receive.

III.

Like the Twin Stars, ſo fam'd for friends,
Who ſet by turns and riſe,
When one to Thetis' lap deſcends
His brother mounts the ſkies.

IV.

With happier fate and kinder care
Theſe nymphs by turns do reign,
While ſtill the falling does prepare
The riſing to ſuſtain.

V.

The joys of either ſex in love
In each of them we read;
Succeſſive each to each does prove,
Fierce youth and yielding maid.

SONG. COLIN'S COMPLAINT.

TO THE TUNE OF GRIM KING OF THE GHOSTS.

I.

DESPAIRING, beſide a clear ſtream,
A ſhepherd forſaken was laid,
And while a falſe nymph was his theme
A willow ſupported his head.
The wind that blew over the plain

* Theſe ſtanzas were made on Mrs. B- - --le and a lady her companion whom ſhe calls Captain.

To his ſighs with a ſigh did reply,
And the brook, in return to his pain,
Ran mournfully murmuring by.

II.

" Alas! ſilly ſwain that I was!"
Thus ſadly complaining, he cry'd,
" When firſt I beheld that fair face
" 'Twere better by far I had dy'd.
" She talk'd and I bleſs'd the dear tongue,
" When ſhe ſmil'd it was a pleaſure too great;
" I liſten'd, and cry'd when ſhe ſung
" Was nightingale ever ſo ſweet!

III.

" How fooliſh was I to believe
" She could dote on ſo lowly a clown,
" Or that her fond heart would not grieve
" To forſake the fine folk of the town?
" To think that a beauty ſo gay
" So kind and ſo conſtant would prove,
" Or go clad like our maidens in grey,
" Or live in a cottage on love?

IV.

" What tho' I have ſkill to complain,
" Tho' the Muſes my temples have crown'd,
" What tho' when they hear my ſoft ſtrain
" The virgins ſit weeping around?
" Ah, Colin! thy hopes are in vain,
" Thy pipe and thy laurel reſign,
" Thy falſe one inclines to a ſwain
" Whoſe muſic is ſweeter than thine.

V.

" And you, my companions ſo dear,
" Who ſorrow to ſee me betray'd,
" Whatever I ſuffer forbear,
" Forbear to accuſe the falſe maid.
" Tho' thro' the wide world I ſhould range
" 'Tis in vain from my fortune to fly;
" 'Twas her's to be falſe and to change,
" 'Tis mine to be conſtant and die.

VI.

"If, while my hard fate I ſuſtain,
"In her breaſt any pity is found,
"Let her come with the nymphs of the plain,
"And ſee me laid low in the ground.
"The laſt humble boon that I crave
"Is to ſhade me with cypreſs and yew,
"And when ſhe looks down on my grave
"Let her own that her ſhepherd was true.

VII.

"Then to her new love let her go,
"And deck her in golden array,
"Be fineſt at ev'ry fine ſhow,
"And frolic it all the long day;
"While Colin, forgotten and gone,
"No more ſhall be talk'd of or ſeen,
"Unleſs when, beneath the pale moon,
"His ghoſt ſhall glide over the green."

REPLY, BY ANOTHER HAND.

I.

YE Winds! to whom Colin complains,
In ditties ſo ſad and ſo ſweet,
Believe me, the ſhepherd but feigns
He is wretched to ſhew he has wit.
No charmer like Colin can move,
And this is ſome pretty new art:
Ah! Colin's a juggler in love,
And likes to play tricks with my heart.

II.

When he will he can ſigh and look pale,
Seem doleful and alter his face,
Can tremble, and alter his tale;
Ah! Colin has every pace.
The willow my rover prefers
To the breaſt where he once begg'd to lie,
And the ſtreams that he ſwells with his tears
Are rivals belov'd more than I.

III.

His head my fond boſom would bear,
And my heart would ſoon beat him to reſt;
Let the ſwain that is ſlighted deſpair,
But Colin is only in jeſt.
No death the deceiver deſigns;
Let the maid that is ruin'd deſpair;
For Colin but dies in his lines,
And gives himſelf that modiſh air.

IV.

Can ſhepherds bred far from the court
So wittily talk of their flame?
But Colin makes paſſion his ſport;
Beware of ſo fatal a game.
My voice of no muſic can boaſt,
Nor my perſon of ought that is fine,
But Colin may find, to his coſt,
A face that is fairer than mine.

V.

Ah! then I will break my lov'd crook,
To thee I'll bequeath all my ſheep,
And die in the much-favour'd brook,
Where Colin does now ſit and weep.
Then mourn the ſad fate that you gave,
In ſonnets ſo ſmooth and divine;
Perhaps I may riſe from my grave,
To hear ſuch ſoft muſic as thine.

VI.

Of the violet, daiſy, and roſe,
The hearts-eaſe, the lily, and pink,
Did thy fingers a garland compoſe,
And crown'd by the rivulet's brink.
How oft, my dear ſwain! did I ſwear
How much my fond love did admire
Thy verſes, thy ſhape, and thy air,
Tho' deck'd in thy rural attire!

VII.

Your ſheep-hook you rul'd with ſuch art,
That all your ſmall ſubjects obey'd,
And ſtill you reign'd king of this heart,
Whoſe paſſion you falſely upbraid.
How often, my ſwain! have I ſaid
Thy arms are a palace to me,
And how well I could live in a ſhade,
Tho' adorned with nothing but thee?

VIII.

Oh! what are the ſparks of the town,
Tho' never ſo fine and ſo gay?
I freely would leave beds of down
For thy breaſt on a bed of new hay.
Then, Colin! return once again,
Again make me happy in love;
Let me find thee a faithful true ſwain,
And as conſtant a nymph I will prove.

SONG.

FOR THE KING'S BIRTH-DAY, MAY 28, 1716.

I.

LAY thy flow'ry garlands by,
Ever-blooming gentle May!
Other honours now are nigh,
Other honours ſee we pay.
Lay thy flow'ry garlands by, &c.

II.

Majeſty and great renown
Wait thy beamy brow to crown.
Parent of our hero, thou
George on Britain didſt beſtow.
Thee the trumpet, thee the drum,
With the plumy helm, become;
Thee the ſpear and ſhining ſhield,
With ev'ry trophy of the warlike field.

III.

Call thy better bleſſings forth,
For the honour of his birth;
Still the voice of loud Commotion,
Bid complaining murmurs ceaſe,
Lay the billows of the ocean,
And compoſe the land in peace.
Call thy better, &c.

IV.

Queen of Odours, fragrant May!
For this boon, this happy day,
Janus, with the double face,
Shall to thee reſign his place;
Thou ſhalt rule with better grace:
Time from thee ſhall wait his doom,
And thou ſhalt lead the Year for ev'ry age to come.

V.

Faireſt month! in Cæſar pride thee,
Nothing like him canſt thou bring,
Tho' the Graces ſmile beſide thee,
Tho' thy bounty gives the ſpring.

VI.

Tho' like Flora thou array thee,
Finer than the painted bow,
Carolina ſhall repay thee
All thy ſweetneſs, all thy ſhow.

VII.

She herſelf a glory greater
Than thy golden ſun diſcloſes,
And her ſmiling offſpring ſweeter
Than the bloom of all thy roſes.

SONG,

ON A FINE WOMAN WHO HAD A DULL HUSBAND.

I.

WHEN on fair Celia's eyes I gaze,
And bleſs their light divine,
I ſtand confounded with amaze,
To think on what they ſhine.

II.

On one vile clod of earth ſhe ſeems
To fix their influence,
Which kindles not at thoſe bright beams,
Nor wakens into ſenſe.

III.

Loſt and bewilder'd with the thought,
I could not but complain
That Nature's laviſh hand had wrought
This faireſt work in vain.

IV.

Thus ſome, who have the ſtars ſurvey'd,
Are ignorantly led
To think thoſe glorious lamps were made
To light Tom Fool to bed.

SONG, AH WILLOW!

TO MRS. A——D——IN HER SICKNESS.

TO the Brook and the Willow that heard him complain
Ah Willow, Willow!
Poor Colin ſat weeping and told them his pain.
Ah Willow, Willow! ah Willow, Willow!

II.

Sweet Stream! he cry'd ſadly, I'll teach thee to flow,
Ah Willow! &c.
And the waters ſhall riſe to the brink with my woe.
Ah Willow! &c.

III.

All reſtleſs and painful poor Amoret lies,
Ah Willow! &c.
And counts the ſad moments of time as it flies.
Ah Willow! &c.

IV.

To the nymph my heart loves ye ſoft ſlumbers repair,
Ah Willow! &c.
Spread your downy wings o'er her, and make her your care.
Ah Willow! &c.

V.

Dear Brook! were thy chance near her pillow to creep,
Ah Willow! &c.
Perhaps thy ſoft murmurs might lull her to ſleep.
Ah Willow! &c.

VI.

Let me be kept waking, my eyes never cloſe,
Ah Willow! &c.
So the ſleep that I loſe brings my fair one repoſe.
Ah Willow! &c.

VII.

But if I am doom'd to be wretched indeed;
Ah Willow! &c.
If the loſs of my dear one, my love, is decreed;
Ah Willow! &c.

VIII.

If no more my ſad heart by thoſe eyes ſhall be cheer'd;
Ah Willow! &c.
If the voice of my warbler no more ſhall be heard';
Ah Willow! &c.

IX.

Believe me, thou fair one! thou dear one! believe,
Ah Willow! &c.
Few ſighs to thy loſs, and few tears, will I give.
Ah Willow! &c.

X.

One fate to thy Colin and thee ſhall be ty'd,
Ah Willow! &c.
And ſoon lay thy ſhepherd cloſe by thy cold ſide.
Ah Willow! &c.

XI.

Then run, gentle Brook! and to loſe thyſelf haſte,
Ah Willow, Willow!
Fade thou too, my Willow! this verſe is my laſt.
Ah Willow, Willow! ah Willow, Willow!

TO THE SAME SINGING.

WHAT charms in melody are found
To ſoften ev'ry pain!
How do we catch the healing ſound,
And feel the ſoothing ſtrain!
Still when I hear thee, O my Fair!
I bid my heart rejoice;
I ſhake off ev'ry ſullen care,
For ſorrow flies thy voice.
The ſeaſons Philomel obey,
Whene'er they hear her ſing;
She bids the winter fly away,
And ſhe recals the ſpring.

SONG. THE FAIR INCONSTANT.

HE.

SINCE I have long lov'd you in vain,
And doted on ev'ry feature,
Give me at length but leave to complain
Of ſo ungrateful a creature.
Tho' I beheld in your wandering eyes
The wanton ſymptoms of ranging,
Still I reſolv'd againſt being wiſe,
And lov'd you in ſpite of your changing.

SHE. Why ſhould you blame what heav'n has made,
Or find any fault in creation?
'Tis not the crime of the faithleſs maid,
But Nature's inclination.
'Tis not becauſe I love you leſs,
Or think you not a true one,
But, if the truth I muſt confeſs,
I always lov'd a new one.

PROLOGUES.

PROLOGUE TO THE NONJUROR,

A COMEDY BY MR. CIBBER,

As it was acted at the Theatre-Royal in Drury-Lane, 1718.

SPOKEN BY MR. WILKS.

TO night, ye Whigs and Tories! both be ſafe,
Nor hope at one another's coſt to laugh.
We mean to ſouſe old Satan and the Pope;
They've no relations here nor friends we hope.
A tool of theirs ſupplies the comic ſtage
With juſt materials for ſatiric rage;
Nor think our colours may too ſtrongly paint
The ſtiff Nonjuring ſeparation ſaint.
Good-breeding ne'er commands us to be civil
To thoſe who give the nation to the devil,
Who at our ſureſt beſt foundation ſtrike,
And hate our monarch and our church alike;
Our church—which aw'd with reverential fear,
Scarcely the Muſe preſumes to mention here:
Long may ſhe theſe her worſt of foes defy,
And lift her mitred head triumphant to the ſky!
While theirs—but ſatire ſilently diſdains
To name what lives not but in madmen's brains.
Like bawds, each lurking paſtor ſeeks the dark,
And fears the Juſtice's inquiring clerk.
In cloſe back rooms his routed flocks he rallies,
And reigns the patriarch of blind lanes and allies:
There ſafe he lets his thund'ring cenſures fly,
Unchriſtens, damns us, gives our laws the lie,
And excommunicates three ſtories high.
Why, ſince a land of liberty they hate,
Still will they linger in this freeborn ſtate?
Here ev'ry hour freſh hateful objects riſe;
Peace and proſperity afflict their eyes;
With anguiſh prince and people they ſurvey,
Their juſt obedience and his righteous ſway.
Ship off, ye Slaves! and ſeek ſome paſſive land,
Where tyrants after your own hearts command;

To your Tranſalpine maſter's rule reſort,
And fill an empty abdicated court:
Turn your poſſeſſions here to ready rhino,
And buy ye lands and lordſhips at Urbino. 37

PROLOGUE TO THE GAMESTER.

A COMEDY BY MRS. CENTLIVRE,

As it was acted at the New Theatre in Lincoln's-Inn-Fields, 1704.

SPOKEN BY MR. BETTERTON.

IF humble wives, that drag the marriage chain,
With curſed dogged huſbands, may complain,
If turn'd at large to ſtarve, as we by you,
They may at leaſt for alimony ſue.
Know we reſolve to make the caſe our own,
Between the plaintiff Stage, and the defendant Town.
When firſt you took us from our father's houſe,
And lovingly our int'reſt did eſpouſe,
You kept us fine, careſs'd, and lodged us here,
And honey-moon held out above three year:
At length, for pleaſures known do ſeldom laſt,
Frequent enjoyment pall'd your ſprightly taſte;
And tho' at firſt you did not quite neglect,
We found your love was dwindled to reſpect.
Sometimes, indeed, as in your way it fell,
You ſtopp'd and call'd to ſee if we were well:
Now, quite eſtrang'd, this wretched place you ſhun,
Like bad wine, bus'neſs, duels, and a dun.
Have we for this increas'd Apollo's race,
Been often pregnant with your wit's embrace,
And borne you many chopping babes of grace?
Some ugly toads we had, and that's the curſe;
They were ſo like you that you far'd the worſe;
For this to-night we are not much in pain;
Look on it, and if you like it entertain:
If all the midwife ſays of it be true,
There are ſome features too like ſome of you:
For us, if you think fitting to forſake it,
We mean to run away, and let the pariſh take it.

EPILOGUES.

EPILOGUE TO THE INCONSTANT,

OR,

THE WAY TO WIN HIM.

A COMEDY BY MR. FARQUHAR.

As it was acted at the Theatre-Royal in Drury-Lane, 1703.

SPOKEN BY MR. WILKS.

FROM Fletcher's great original* to-day
We took the hint of this our modern play:
Our author, from his lines, has ſtrove to paint
A witty, wild, inconſtant, free, gallant,
With a gay ſoul, with ſenſe, and will to rove,
With language and with ſoftneſs fram'd to move,
With little truth, but with a world of love.
Such forms on maids in morning-ſlumbers wait,
When fancy firſt inſtructs their hearts to beat,
When firſt they wiſh and ſigh for what they know not yet.
Frown not, ye Fair! to think your lovers may
Reach your cold hearts by ſome unguarded way;
Let Villeroy's misfortune make you wiſe;
There's danger ſtill in darkneſs and ſurpriſe:
Tho' from his rampart he defy'd the foe,
Prince Eugene found an aqueduct below.
With eaſy freedom, and a gay addreſs,
A preſſing lover ſeldom wants ſucceſs:
Whilſt the reſpectful, like the Greek, ſits down
And waſtes a ten years ſiege before one town.
For her own ſake let no forſaken maid
Our wanderer for want of love upbraid,
Since 'tis a ſecret none ſhould e'er confeſs
That they have loſt the happy pow'r to pleaſe.
If you ſuſpect the rogue inclin'd to break,
Break firſt, and ſwear you've turned him off a week;
As princes, when they reſty ſtateſmen doubt,
Before they can ſurrender, turn them out.
Whate'er you think, grave uſes may be made,
As much ev'n for inconſtancy be ſaid.

* See the Wild-goose Chaſe.

Let the good man for marriage rites design'd,
With ſtudious care and diligence of mind,
Turn over ev'ry page of womankind;
Mark ev'ry ſenſe, and how the readings vary,
And when he knows the worſt on't--let him marry.

EPILOGUE,

SPOKEN BY MRS. BARRY,

At the Theatre Royal in Drury-Lane, 7th April 1709, at her playing in Love for Love with Mrs. Bracegirdle, for the Benefit of Mr. Betterton.

As ſome brave knight, who once with ſpear and ſhield
Had ſought renown in many a well-fought field,
But now no more with ſacred fame inſpir'd,
Was to a peaceful hermitage retir'd:
There if by chance diſaſtrous tales he hears
Of matron's wrongs, and captive virgin's tears,
He feels ſoft pity urge his gen'rous breaſt,
And vows once more to ſuccour the diſtreſs'd:
Buckled in mail he ſallies on the plain,
Aud turns him to the feats of arms again:
So we, to former leagues of friendſhip true,
Have bid once more our peaceful homes adieu,
To aid old Thomas, and to pleaſure you:
Like errant damſels boldly we engage,
Arm'd as you ſee for the defenceleſs ſtage.
Time was when this good man no help did lack,
And ſcorn'd that any ſhe ſhould hold his back;
But now, ſo age and frailty have ordain'd,
By two* at once he's forc'd to be ſuſtain'd.
You ſee what failing Nature brings man to,
And yet let none inſult: for ought we know,
She may not wear ſo well with ſome of you.
Tho' old, you find his ſtrength is not clean paſt,
But, true as ſteel, he's metal to the laſt.
If better he perform'd in days of yore,
Yet now he gives you all that's in his pow'r;
What can the youngeſt of you all do more?
What has been done, tho' preſent praiſe be dumb,
Shall haply be a theme in times to come,
As now we talk of Roſcius and of Rome.
Had you withheld your favours on this night,
Old Shakeſpeare's ghoſt had riſen to do him right;

* Mrs. Barry and Mrs. Bracegirdle claſp him round the waiſt.

With indignation had you ſeen him frown
Upon a worthleſs, witleſs, taſteleſs town;
Griev'd and repining, you had heard him ſay
Why are the Muſe's labours caſt away?
Why did I write what only he could play?
But ſince, like friends to wit, thus throng'd you meet,
Go on and make the gen'rous work complete:
Be true to merit, and ſtill own his cauſe;
Find ſomething for him more than bare applauſe.
In juſt remembrance of your pleaſures paſt,
Be kind, and give him a diſcharge at laſt;
In peace and eaſe life's remnant let him wear,
And hang his conſecrated buſkin* there.

† Pointing to the top of the ſtage.

EPILOGUE TO THE CRUEL GIFT,

A TRAGEDY BY MRS. CENTLIVRE.

As it was acted at the Theatre Royal in Drury Lane, 1717.

SPOKEN BY MRS. OLDFIELD.

WELL---'twas a narrow 'ſcape my lover made;
That cup and meſſage---I was ſore afraid---
Was that a preſent for a new-made widow,
All in her diſmal dumps, like doleful Dido?
When one peep'd in---and hop'd for ſomething good,
There was-- oh Gad; a naſty heart and blood*.
If the old man had ſhewn himſelf a father,
His bowl ſhould have enclos'd a cordial rather,
Something to cheer me up amidſt my trance,
L'Eau de Bardè---or comfortable Nantz!†
He thought he paid it off with being ſmart,
And, to be witty, cry'd he'd ſend the heart.
I could have told his gravity moreover,
Were I our ſex's ſecrets to diſcover,
'Tis what we never look'd for in a lover.
Let but the bridegroom prudently provide
All other matters fitting for a bride;
So he make good the jewels and the jointure,
To miſs the heart does ſeldom diſappoint her.
Faith, for the faſhion hearts of late are made in,
They are the vileſt baubles we can trade in.
Where are the tough brave Britons to be found,
With hearts of oak ſo much of old renown'd?
How many worthy gentlemen of late
Swore to be true to mother church and ſtate;
When their falſe hearts were ſecretly maintaining
Yon trim king Pepin, at Avignon reigning?
Shame on the canting crew of foul inſurers,
The Tyburn tribe of ſpeech-making Nonjurors,
Who in new-fangled terms old truths explaining,
Teach honeſt Engliſhmen damn'd double-meaning!

* This tragedy was founded upon the ſtory of Sigiſmonda and Guiſcardo, one of Boccace's novels, wherein the heart of the lover is ſent by the father to his daughter as a preſent.

† Citron-water and good brandy.

Oh! would you loſt integrity reſtore,
And boaſt that faith your plain forefathers bore,
What ſurer pattern can you hope to find
Than that dear pledge* your monarch left behind?
See how he looks his honeſt heart explain,
And ſpeak the bleſſings of his future reign!
In his each feature truth and candour trace,
And read plain dealing written in his face.

* The Prince of Wales then preſent.

IMITATIONS, &c.

HOR. LIB. II. ODE IV.

AD XANTHIAM.

I.

NE sit ancillæ tibi amor pudori,
Xanthia Phoceu: priùs insolentem
Serva Brisеis niveo colore
Movit Achillem.

II.

Movit Ajacem, Telamono natum,
Forma captivæ dominum Tecmessæ:
Arsit Atrides medio in triumpho
Virgine raptâ:

III.

Barbaræ postquam cecidere turmæ
Thessalo victore, et ademptus Hector
Tradidit fessis leviora tolli
Pergama Graiis.

IV.

Nescias, en te generum beati
Phyllidis flavæ decorent parentes:
Regium certè genus, et Penates
Mœret iniquos.

V.

Crede non illam tibi de scelestâ
Plebe delectam: neque sic fidelem,
Sic lucro aversam potuisse nasci
Matre pudendâ.

VI.

Brachia et vultum, teretesque suras
Integer laudo fuge suspicari,
Cujus octavum trepidavit ætas
Claudere lustrum.

HOR. B. II. ODE IV. IMITATED.

THE LORD GRIFFIN TO THE EARL OF SCARSDALE.

I.

DO not, moſt fragrant Earl! diſclaim
Thy bright, thy reputable flame,
To Bracegirdle the brown,
But publicly eſpouſe the dame,
And ſay, G—— d—— the town.

II.

Full many heroes, fierce and keen,
With drabs have deeply ſmitten been,
Altho' right good commanders;
Some who with you have Hounſlow ſeen,
And ſome who've been in Flanders.

III.

Did not baſe Greber's Pegg * inflame
The ſober Earl of Nottingham,
Of ſober ſire deſcended?
That, careleſs of his ſoul and fame,
To playhouſes he nightly came,
And left church undefended.

IV.

The monarch who of France is height,
Who rules the roaſt with matchleſs might,
Since William went to heav'n,
Loves Maintenon, his lady bright,
Who was but Scarron's leaving.

V.

Tho' thy dear's father kept an inn,
At griſly Head of Saracen,
For carriers at Northampton;
Yet ſhe might come of gentler kin,
Than e'er that father dreamt on.

VI.

Of proffers large her choice had ſhe,
Of jewels, plate, and land in fee,

* Signora Franceſco Marguareta de l'Epine, an Italian ſongſtreſs.

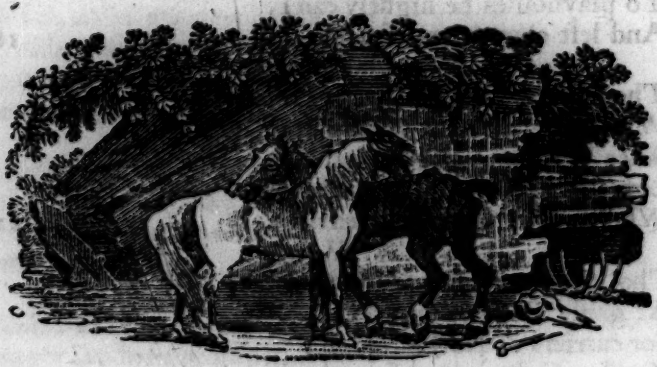
Which ſhe with ſcorn rejected;
And can a nymph ſo virtuous be
Of baſe-born blood ſuſpected?

VII.

Her dimple cheek, and roguiſh eye,
Her ſlender waiſt, and taper thigh,
I always thought provoking;
But faith tho' I talk waggiſhly,
I mean no more than joking.

VIII.

Then be not jealous, Friend! for why?
My lady Marchioneſs is nigh,
To ſee I ne'er ſhould hurt ye;
Beſides, you know full well that I
Am turn'd of five-and-forty.



HOR. LIB. III. ODE IX.

AD LYDIAM.

HOR.

DONEC gratus eram tibi,
Nec quiſquam, potior brachia candidæ
Cervici juvenis dabat,
Perſarum vigui Rege beatior.
LYD. Donec non alia magis
Arſiſti, neque erat Lydia poſt Chloën,
Multi Lydia nominis
Romanâ vigui clarior Iliâ.
HOR. Me nunc Creſſa Chloë regit,
Dulces docta modos, et Citharæ ſciens:
Pro qua non metuam mori,
Si parcent animæ fata ſuperſtiti.
LYD. Me torret face mutuâ
Thurini Calaïs filius Ornithi:
Pro quo bis partiar mori
Si parcent puero fata ſuperſtiti.
HOR. Quid, ſi priſca redit Venus?
Diductoſque jugo cogit aheneo?
Si flava excutitur Chloë,
Rejectæque patet janua Lydiæ?
LYD. Quanquam ſidere pulchrior
Ille eſt, tu levior cortice, et improbo
Iracundior Adriâ,
Tecum vivere amem, tecum obeam libens.

THE RECONCILEMENT BETWEEN JACOB TONSON AND MR. CONGREVE.

AN IMITATION OF HOR. BOOK III. ODE IX.

TONSON.

WHILE at my houſe, in Fleet-ſtreet, once you lay
How merrily, dear Sir! time paſs'd away?
While "I partook your wine, your wit, and mirth,
"I was the happieſt creature on God's yearth *."
CON. While in your early days of reputation,
You for blue garters had not ſuch a paſſion,
While yet you did not uſe (as now your trade is)
To drink with noble lords and toaſt their ladies,
Thou, Jacob Tonſon! wert, to my conceiving,
The cheerfulleſt, beſt, honeſteſt, fellow living.
TON. I'm in with Captain Vanbrug at the preſent,
A moſt ſweet-natur'd gentleman and pleaſant!
He writes your comedies, draws ſchemes and models,
And builds dukes' houſes upon very odd hills;
For him, ſo much I dote on him, that I,
If I was ſure to go to heav'n, would die.
CON. Temple † and Delaval are now my party,
Men that are *tam Mercurio* both *quam Marte*;
And tho' for them I ſhall ſcarce go to heaven,
Yet I can drink with them ſix nights in ſeven.
TON. What if from Van's dear arms I ſhould retire,
And once more warm my bunnians ‡ at your fire?
If I to Bow-ſtreet ſhould invite you home,
And ſet a bed up in my dining-room,
Tell me, dear Mr. Congreve! would you come?
CON. Tho' the gay ſailor and the gentle knight,
Where ten times more my joy and heart's delight,
Tho' civil perſons they, you ruder were,
And had more humours than a dancing bear;
Yet for your ſake I'd bid them both adieu,
And live and die, dear Bob! with only you.

* Tonſon (ſen.) his dialect.

† Sir Richard Temple, afterwards Lord Cobham.

‡ Jacob's term for his corns.

HOR. LIB. III. ODE XXI.

AD AMPHORAM.

I.

ONATA mecum Conſule Manlio,
Seu tu querelas, ſive geris jocos,
Seu rixam, et inſanos amores,
Seu facilem, pia teſta, ſomnum:

II.

Quocunque lectum nomine Maſſicum
Servas, moveri digna bono die:
Deſcende, Corvino jubente,
Promere languidiora vina.

III.

Non ille, quanquam Socraticis madet
Sermonibus, te negliget horridus:
Narratur et priſci Catonis
Sæpè mero caluiſſe virtus.

IV.

Tu lene tormentum ingenio admoves
Plerumque duro: tu ſapientium
Curas, et arcanum jocoſo
Conſilium retegis Lyæo.

V.

Tu ſpem reducis mentibus anxiis,
Vireſque, et addis cornua pauperi,
Poſt te neque iratos trementi
Regum apices, neque militum arma.

VI.

Te ſiber, et, ſi læta aderit Venus,
Segneſque nodum ſolvere Gratiæ,
Vivæque producent lucernæ,
Dum rediens fugat aſtra Phœbus.

HORACE, BOOK III. ODE XXI.

TO HIS CASK.

I.

HAIL, gentle Cask! whose venerable head,
With hoary down and ancient dust o'erspread,
Proclaims that since the vine first brought thee forth
Old age has added to thy worth,
Whether the sprightly juice thou dost contain
Thy votaries will to wit and love
Or senseless noise and lewdness move,
Or sleep, the cure of these and ev'ry other pain.

II.

Since to some day propitious and great
Justly at first thou was design'd by Fate,
This day, the happiest of thy many years,
With thee I will forget my cares:
To my Corvinus' health thou shalt go round,
(Since thou art ripen'd for to-day,
And longer age would bring decay)
Till ev'ry anxious thought in the rich stream be drown'd.

III.

To thee my friend his roughness shall submit,
And Socrates himself a while forget.
Thus when old Cato would sometimes unbend
The rugged stiffness of his mind,
Stern and severe; the Stoic quaff'd his bowl,
His frozen virtue felt the charm,
And soon grew pleas'd, and soon grew warm, [soul.
And bless'd the sprightly pow'r that cheer'd his gloomy

IV.

With kind constraint ill-nature thou dost bend,
And mould the snarling Cynic to a friend.
The sage reserv'd, and fam'd for gravity,
Finds all he knows summ'd up in thee,
And by thy pow'r unlock'd grows easy, gay, and free.
The swain, who did some cred'lous nymph persuade
To grant him all, inspir'd by thee,
Devotes her to his vanity,
And to his fellow fops toasts the abandon'd maid.

V.

The wretch who preſs'd beneath a load of cares,
And lab'ring with continual woes deſpairs,
If thy kind warmth does his chill'd ſenſe invade,
From earth he rears his drooping head;
Reviv'd by thee, he ceaſes now to mourn;
His flying cares give way to haſte,
And to the god reſign his breaſt,
Where hopes of better days and better things return.

VI.

The lab'ring hind, who with hard toil and pains,
Amidſt his wants a wretched life maintains,
If thy rich juice his homely ſupper crown,
Hot with thy fires, and bolder grown,
Of kings and of their arbitrary pow'r,
And how by impious arms they reign,
Fiercely he talks with rude diſdain,
And vows to be a ſlave, to be a wretch no more.

VII.

Fair queen of Love, and thou great god of Wine!
Hear every grace, and all ye pow'rs divine,
All that to mirth and friendſhip do incline!
Crown this auſpicious caſk and happy night
With all things that can give delight;
Be every care and anxious thought away!
Ye tapers ſtill be bright and clear,
Rival the moon and each pale ſtar;
Your beams ſhall yield to none but his who brings the [day.

HOR. LIB. IV. ODE I.

AD VENEREM.

INTERMISSA Venus diu,
Rerſus bella moves: Parce, precor, precor.
Non ſum qualis eram bonæ
Sub regno Cynaræ: deſine dulcium
Mater ſæva Cupidinum,
Circa luſtra decem flectere mollibus
Jam duram imperiis: abi
Quo blandæ juvenum te revocant preces.
Tempeſtivius in domo
Pauli, purpureis ales oloribus,
Commeſſabere Maximi,
Si torrere jecur quæris idoneum,
Namque et nobilis, et decens,
Et pro ſollicitis non tacitus reis,
Et centum puer artium
Late ſigna feret militiæ tuæ.
Et, quandoque potentior
Largis muneribus riſerit æmuli,
Albanos prope, te, lacus
Ponet marmoream ſub trabe Citreâ,
Illic plurima naribus
Duces thura, lyræque, et Berecynthiæ
Delectabere tibiæ
Miſtis carminibus, non ſine fiſtula.
Illic bis pueri die
Numen cum leneris virginibus tuum
Laudantes, pede candido
In morem Salium ter quatiunt humum.
Me nec fæmina, nec puer
Jam, nec ſpes animi credula mutui,
Nec certare juvat mero,
Nec vincire novis tempora floribus.
Sed cur heu, Ligurine, cur
Manat rara meas lacryma per genas?
Cur facunda parûm decoro
Inter verba cadit lingua ſilentio?

Nocturnis te ego ſomniis
Jam captum teneo, jam volucrem ſequor
Te per gramina Martii
Campi, te per aques, dure, volubiles.

HORACE, BOOK IV. ODE I.

TO VENUS.

ONCE more the queen of Love invades my breaſt,
Late with long eaſe and peaceful pleaſures bleſt;
Spare, ſpare the wretch that ſtill has been thy ſlave,
And let my former ſervice have
The merit to protect me to the grave.
Much have I chang'd from what I once have been,
When under Cynera, the good and fair,
With joy I did thy fetters wear,
Bleſs'd in the gentle ſway of an indulgent queen.
Stiff, and unequal to the labour, now,
With pain, my neck beneath thy yoke I bow.
Why doſt thou urge me ſtill to bear? Oh! why
Doſt thou not much rather fly
To youthful breaſts, to mirth and gaiety?
Go, bid thy ſwans their gloſſy wings expand,
And ſwiftly thro' the yielding air
To Damon thee their goddeſs bear,
Worthy to be thy ſlave, and fit for thy command.
Noble and graceful, witty, gay and young,
Joy in his heart, love on his charming tongue,
Skill'd in a thouſand ſoft prevailing arts,
With wondrous force the youth imparts
Thy pow'r to unexperienc'd virgins' hearts.
Far ſhall he ſtretch the bounds of thy command;
And if thou ſhalt his wiſhes bleſs
Beyond his rivals with ſucceſs,
In gold and marble ſhall thy ſtatues ſtand.
Beneath the ſacred ſhade of Odel's wood,
Or on the banks of Ouſe's gentle flood,
With od'rous beams a temple he ſhall raiſe,
For ever ſacred to thy praiſe;
Till the fair ſtream, and wood, and love itſelf, decays.
There, while rich incenſe on thy altar burns,
Thy votaries, the nymphs and ſwains,
In melting ſoft harmonious ſtrains,

Mix'd with the ſofter flutes, ſhall tell their flames by turns.
As Love and Beauty with the light are born,
So with the day thy honours ſhall return.
Some lovely youth, pair'd with a bluſhing maid,
A troop of either ſex ſhall lead,
And twice the Salian meaſures round thy altar tread.
Thus, with an equal empire o'er the light,
The queen of love and god of wit
Together riſe, together ſit:
But, goddeſs! do thou ſtay and bleſs alone the night:
There mayſt thou reign, while I forget to love;
No more falſe beauty ſhall my paſſion move,
Nor ſhall my fond believing heart be led,
By mutual vows, and oaths betray'd,
To hope for truth from the proteſting maid.
With love the ſprightly joys of wine are fled;
The roſes too ſhall wither now
That us'd to ſhade and crown my brow,
And round my cheerful temples fragrant odours ſhed.
But tell me, Cynthia! ſay, bewitching fair,
What mean theſe ſighs? why ſteals this falling tear?
And when my ſtruggling thoughts for paſſage ſtrove,
Why did my tongue refuſe to move;
Tell me, can this be any thing but love?
Still with the night my dreams my griefs renew,
Still ſhe is preſent to my eyes,
And ſtill in vain I, as ſhe flies,
O'er woods, and plains, and ſeas, the ſcornful maid purſue.

HOR. LIB. I. EPIST. IV.

AD ALBIUM TIBULLUM.

ALBI, noſtrorum ſermonum candide judex,
Quid nunc te dicam facere in regione Pedanâ
Scribere quod Coſsî Parmenſis opuſcula vincat?
An tacitum ſylvas inter reptare ſalubres.
Curantem quicquid dignum ſapiente bonoque eſt?
Non tu corpus eras ſine pectore. Dî tibi formam,
Dî tibi divitias dederant, artemque fruendi.
Quid voveat dulci nutricula majus alumno,
Quam ſapere, et fari ut poſſit quæ ſentiat, et utque
Gratia, fama, valetudo contingat abundè.
Et mundus victus, non deficiente crumenâ?
Inter ſpem, curamque, timores inter et iras,
Omnem crede diem tibi diluxiſſe ſupremum.
Grata ſuperveniet, quæ non ſperabitur, hora.
Me pinguem, et nitidum benè curata cute viſes,
Cùm ridere voles Epicuri de grege porcum.

HORACE, BOOK I. EPIST. IV.

IMITATED.

To Richard Thornhill, Esq.

THORNHILL! whom doubly to my heart com-
The critic's art and candour of a friend, [mend
Say what thou dost in thy retirement find
Worthy the labours of thy active mind?
Whether the Tragic Muse inspires thy thought,
To emulate what moving Otway wrote;
Or whether to the covert of some grove
Thou and thy thoughts do from the world remove;
Where to thyself thou all those rules dost show
That good men ought to practise, or wise know?
For sure thy mass of man is no dull clay,
But well inform'd with the celestial ray.
The bounteous gods, to thee completely kind,
In a fair frame enclos'd thy fairer mind,
And though they did profusely wealth bestow,
They gave thee the true use of wealth to know.
Could ev'n the nurse wish for her darling boy
A happiness which thou dost not enjoy?
What can her fond ambition ask beyond
A soul by wisdom's noblest precepts crown'd,
To this fair speech and happy utt'rance join'd,
T'unlock the secret treasures of the mind,
And make the blessing common to mankind?
On these let health and reputation wait,
The favour of the virtuous and the great;
A table cheerfully and cleanly spread,
Stranger alike to riot and to need;
Such an estate as no extremes may know,
A free and just disdain for all things else below.
Amidst uncertain hopes and anxious cares,
Tumultuous strife, and miserable fears,
Prepare for all events thy constant breast,
And let each day be to thee as thy last.

That morning's dawn will with new pleaſure riſe,
Whoſe light ſhall unexpected bleſs thy eyes.
Me, when to town in winter you repair,
Batt'ning in eaſe you'll find ſleek, freſh, and fair;
Me, who have learn'd from Epicurus' lore,
To ſnatch the bleſſings of the flying hour,
Whom ev'ry Friday at the Vine * you'll find,
His true diſciple, and your faithful friend.

* A Tavern in Long-Acre.

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FEB
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Painted by T. Kirk. Engraved for C. Cooke, Paternoster Row. April 18. 1798. Engraved by J. Hogg.

THE STORY OF
GLAUCUS AND SCYLLA,

From Ovid's Metamorphoses, Book XIII.

HERE ceas'd the nymph, the fair aſſembly broke,
The ſea-green Nereids to the waves betook:
While Scylla, fearful of the wide-ſpread main,
Swift to the ſafer ſhore returns again;
There o'er the ſandy margin, unarray'd,
With printleſs footſteps flies the bounding maid;
Or, in ſome winding creek's ſecure retreat, [heat.
She bathes her weary limbs, and ſhuns the noon-day's
Her Glaucus ſaw, as o'er the deep he rode,
New to the ſeas, and late receiv'd a god:
He ſaw, and languiſh'd for the virgin's love;
With many an artful blandiſhment he ſtrove
Her flight to hinder, and her fears remove.
The more he ſues, the more ſhe wings her flight,
And nimbly gains a neighbouring mountain's height.
Steep ſhelving to the margin of the flood,
A neighbouring mountain bare and woodleſs ſtood:
Here, by the place ſecur'd, her ſteps ſhe ſtay'd,
And, trembling ſtill, her lover's form ſurvey'd.
His ſhape, his hue, her troubled ſenſe appal,
And dropping locks that o'er his ſhoulders fall:
She ſees his face divine, and manly brow,
End in a fiſh's wreathy tail below:
She ſees, and doubts, within her anxious mind,
Whether he comes of god or monſter kind.
This Glaucus ſoon perceiv'd; and "Oh! forbear,
(His hand ſupporting on a rock lay near)
"Forbear," he cry'd, "fond Maid! this needleſs fear;
"Nor fiſh am I, nor monſter of the main,
"But equal with the wat'ry gods I reign;
"Nor Proteus nor Palemon me excel,
"Nor he whoſe breath inſpires the ſounding ſhell.
"My birth 'tis true I owe to mortal race,
"And I myſelf but late a mortal was;

" Ev'n then in ſeas, and ſeas alone, I joy'd;
" The ſeas my hours, and all my cares employ'd.
" In meſhes now the twinkling prey I drew,
" Now ſkilfully the ſlender line I threw,
" And ſilent ſat the moving float to view.
" Not far from ſhore there lies a verdant mead,
" With herbage half, and half with water ſpread;
" There nor the horned heifers browſing ſtray,
" Nor ſhaggy kids, nor wanton lambkins play;
" There nor the ſounding bees their nectar cull,
" Nor rural ſwains their genial chaplets pull;
" Nor flocks, nor herds, nor mowers, haunt the place,
" To crop the flow'rs, or cut the buſhy graſs:
" Thither ſure firſt of living race came I,
" And ſat by chance my dropping nets to dry:
" My ſcaly prize in order all diſplay'd,
" By number on the greenſword there I laid,
" My captives, whom or in my nets I took,
" Or hung unwary on my wily hook.
" Strange to behold! yet what avails a lie?
" I ſaw them bite the graſs, as I ſat by;
" Then ſudden darting o'er the verdant plain,
" They ſpread their fins as in their native main.
" I paus'd, with wonder ſtruck, while all my prey
" Left their new maſter, and regain'd the ſea.
" Amaz'd, within my ſecret ſelf I ſought
" What god, what herb, the miracle had wrought:
" But ſure no herbs have pow'r like this, I cry'd,
" And ſtraight I pluck'd ſome neighb'ring herbs and try'd.
" Scarce had I bit, and prov'd the wondrous taſte,
" When ſtrong convulſions ſhook my troubled breaſt;
" I felt my heart grow fond of ſomething ſtrange,
" And my whole nature lab'ring with a change;
" Reſtleſs I grew, and ev'ry place forſook,
" And ſtill upon the ſeas I bent my look.
" Farewel for ever, farewel land! I ſaid,
" And plung'd amidſt the waves my ſinking head.
" The gentle pow'rs, who that low empire keep,
" Receiv'd me as a brother of the deep;

" To Tethys and to Ocean old they pray,
" To purge my mortal earthy parts away:
" The watr'y parents to their ſuit agreed,
" And thrice nine times a ſecret charm they read,
" Then with luſtrations purify my limbs,
" And bid me bathe beneath a hundred ſtreams;
" A hundred ſtreams from various fountains run,
" And on my head at once come ruſhing down.
" Thus far each paſſage I remember well,
" And faithfully thus far the tale I tell,
" But then oblivion dark on all my ſenſes fell.
" Again at length my thought reviving came,
" When I no longer found myſelf the ſame;
" Then firſt this ſea-green beard I felt to grow,
" And theſe large honours on my ſpreading brow;
" My long deſcending locks the billows ſweep,
" And my broad ſhoulders cleave the yielding deep;
" My fiſhy tail, my arms of azure hue,
" And ev'ry part divinely chang'd I view.
" But what avail theſe uſeleſs honours now?
" What joys can immortality beſtow?
" What tho' our Nereids all my form approve?
" What boots it while fair Scylla ſcorns my love?"
Thus far the god, and more he would have ſaid,
When from his preſence flew the ruthleſs maid.
Stung with repulſe in ſuch diſdainful ſort
He ſeeks Titanian Circe's horrid court.

ON CONTENTMENT.

FROM THE LATIN OF J. GERHARD *.

MANY, that once by Fortune's bounty rear'd,
Amidst the wealthy and the great appear'd,
Have wisely from those envy'd heights declin'd,
Have sunk to that just level of mankind
Where nor too little nor too much gives the true peace of mind.

* In his *Meditationes Sacræ*.

ON THE LAST JUDGMENT,

AND THE

HAPPINESS OF THE SAINTS IN HEAVEN.

FROM THE LATIN OF J. GERHARD.

IN that bleſs'd day from ev'ry part the juſt,
Rais'd from the liquid deep or mould'ring duſt,
The various products of Time's fruitful womb,
All of paſt ages, preſent, and to come,
In full aſſembly ſhall at once reſort,
And meet within high Heaven's capacious court.
There famous names rever'd in days of old,
Our great forefathers there we ſhall behold,
From whom old ſtocks and anceſtry began,
And worthily in long ſucceſſion ran;
The rev'rend ſires with pleaſure ſhall we greet,
Attentive hear while faithful they repeat
Full many a virtuous deed, and many a noble feat.
There all thoſe tender ties which here below
Or kindred or more ſacred friendſhip know
Firm, conſtant, and unchangeable, ſhall grow,
Refin'd from paſſion, and the dregs of ſenſe,
A better, truer, dearer, love from thence
Its everlaſting being ſhall commence.
There, like their days, their joys ſhall ne'er be done,
No night ſhall riſe to ſhade Heaven's glorious ſun,
But one eternal holiday go on.

TRANSLATIONS.

THE GOLDEN VERSES OF PYTHAGORAS,

TRANSLATED FROM THE GREEK.

To the Reader.

I hope the reader will forgive the liberty I have taken in tranſlating theſe Verſes ſomewhat at large, without which it would have been almoſt impoſſible to have given any kind of turn in Engliſh poetry to ſo dry a ſubject. The ſenſe of the author is I hope no where miſtaken; and if there ſeems in ſome places to be ſome additions in the Engliſh verſes to the Greek text, they are only ſuch as may be juſtified from Hierocles's Commentary, and delivered by him as the larger and explained ſenſe of the author's ſhort precept. I have in ſome few places ventured to differ from the learned Mr. Dacier's French interpretation, as thoſe that ſhall give themſelves the trouble of a ſtrict compariſon will find; how far I am in the right is left to the reader to determine.

FIRST to the gods thy humble homage pay;
The greateſt this and firſt of laws obey:
Perform thy vows, obſerve thy plighted troth,
And let religion bind thee to thy oath.
The heroes next demand thy juſt regard,
Renown'd on earth and to the ſtars preferr'd,
To light and endleſs life, their virtue's ſure reward.
Due rites perform'd and honours to the dead,
To ev'ry wiſe to ev'ry pious ſhade,
With lowly duty to thy parents bow,
And grace and favour to thy kindred ſhow.
For what concerns the reſt of human-kind
Chuſe out the man to virtue beſt inclin'd,
Him to thy arms receive, him to thy boſom bind.
Poſſeſs'd of ſuch a friend, preſerve him ſtill,
Nor thwart his counſels with thy ſtubborn will;
Pliant to all his admonitions prove,
And yield to all his offices of love:
Him from thy heart ſo true, ſo juſtly dear,
Let no raſh word nor light offences tear;
Bear all thou canſt, ſtill with his failings ſtrive,
And to the utmoſt ſtill and ſtill forgive;
For ſtrong neceſſity alone explores
The ſecret vigour of our latent pow'rs,

Rouſes and urges on the lazy heart,
Force, to itſelf unknown before, t' exert.
By uſe thy ſtronger appetites aſſuage,
Thy gluttony, thy ſloth, thy luſt, thy rage.
From each diſhoneſt act of ſhame forbear;
Of others and thyſelf alike beware:
Let rev'rence of thyſelf thy thoughts control,
And guard the ſacred temple of thy ſoul;
Let juſtice o'er thy word and deed preſide,
And reaſon e'en thy meaneſt actions guide;
For know that death is man's appointed doom,
Know that the day of great account will come,
When thy paſt life ſhall ſtrictly be ſurvey'd
Each word, each deed, be in the balance laid,
And all the good and all the ill moſt juſtly be repaid.
For wealth, the periſhing uncertain good,
Ebbing and flowing like the fickle flood,
That knows no ſure, no fix'd abiding place,
But wand'ring loves from hand to hand to paſs,
Revolve the getter's joy and loſer's pain,
And think if it be worth thy while to gain.
Of all thoſe ſorrows that attend mankind
With patience bear the lot to thee aſſign'd;
Nor think it chance, nor murmur at the load,
For know what man calls Fortune is from God.
In what thou mayſt from Wiſdom ſeek relief,
And let her healing hand aſſuage thy grief;
Yet ſtill whate'er the righteous doom ordains,
What cauſe ſoever multiplies thy pains,
Let not thoſe pains as ills be underſtood,
For God delights not to afflict the good.
The reas'ning art to various ends apply'd
Is oft a ſure, but oft an erring guide;
Thy judgment therefore ſound and cool preſerve,
Nor lightly from thy reſolution ſwerve.
The dazzling pomp of words does oft deceive,
And ſweet perſuaſion wins the eaſy to believe.

When fools and liars labour to perſuade,
Be dumb, and let the babblers vainly plead.
This above all, this precept, chiefly learn,
This nearly does, and firſt, thyſelf concern;
Let not example, let no ſoothing tongue,
Prevail upon thee with a Siren's ſong,
To do thy ſoul's immortal eſſence wrong.
Of good and ill by words or deeds expreſt
Chuſe for thyſelf, and always chuſe the beſt.
Let wary thought each enterpriſe forerun,
And ponder on thy taſk before begun,
Leſt folly ſhould the wretched work deface,
And mock thy fruitleſs labours with diſgrace.
Fools huddle on, and always are in haſte,
Act without thought, and thoughtleſs words they waſte:
But thou in all thou doſt with early cares
Strive to prevent at firſt a fate like theirs,
That ſorrow on the end may never wait,
Nor ſharp repentance make thee wiſe too late.
Beware thy meddling hand in aught to try
That does beyond thy reach of knowledge lie,
But ſeek to know and bend thy ſerious thought
To ſearch the profitable knowledge out;
So joys on joys for ever ſhall increaſe,
Wiſdom ſhall crown thy labours, and ſhall bleſs
Thy life with pleaſure and thy end with peace.
Nor let the body want its part, but ſhare
A juſt proportion of thy tender care:
For health and welfare prudently provide,
And let its lawful wants be all ſupply'd;
Let ſober draughts refreſh, and wholeſome fare
Decaying nature's waſted force repair,
And ſprightly exerciſe the duller ſpirits cheer.
In all things ſtill which to this care belong
Obſerve this rule, to guard thy ſoul from wrong.
By virtuous uſe thy life and manners frame,
Manly, and ſimply pure, and free from blame.

Provoke not Envy's deadly rage, but fly
The glancing curſe of her malicious eye.
Seek not in needleſs luxury to waſte
Thy wealth and ſubſtance with a ſpendthrift's haſte:
Yet flying theſe, be watchful leſt thy mind,
Prone to extremes, an equal danger find,
And be to ſordid avarice inclin'd:
Diſtant alike from each, to neither lean,
But ever keep the happy golden mean.
Be careful ſtill to guard thy ſoul from wrong,
And let thy thought prevent thy hand and tongue.
Let not the ſtealing god of Sleep ſurpriſe,
Nor creep in ſlumbers on thy weary eyes,
Ere ev'ry action of the former day
Strictly thou doſt and righteouſly ſurvey.
With rev'rence at thy own tribunal ſtand,
And anſwer juſtly to thy own demand,
Where have I been? in what have I tranſgreſs'd?
What good or ill has this day's life expreſs'd?
Where have I fail'd in what I ought to do?
In what to God, to man, or to myſelf, I owe?
Inquire ſevere whate'er from firſt to laſt
From morning's dawn till ev'ning's gloom has paſt.
If evil were thy deeds, repenting mourn,
And let thy ſoul with ſtrong remorſe be torn:
If good, the good with peace of mind repay,
And to thy ſecret ſelf with pleaſure ſay,
"Rejoice, my Heart! for all went well to-day."
Theſe thoughts, and chiefly theſe, thy mind ſhould move,
Employ thy ſtudy, and engage thy love.
Theſe are the rules which will to Virtue lead,
And teach thy feet her heavenly paths to tread;
This by his name I ſwear whoſe ſacred lore
Firſt to mankind explain'd the myſtic Four,
Source of eternal nature and almighty pow'r.
In all thou doſt firſt let thy pray'rs aſcend,
And to the gods thy labours firſt commend;
From them implore ſucceſs, and hope a proſp'rous end:

So ſhall thy abler mind be taught to ſoar,
And Wiſdom in her ſecret ways explore;
To range thro' heav'n above and earth below,
Immortal gods and mortal men to know:
So ſhalt thou learn what pow'r does all control,
What bounds the parts, and what unites the whole,
And rightly judge in all this wondrous frame
How univerſal Nature is the ſame:
So ſhalt thou ne'er thy vain affections place
On hopes of what ſhall never come to paſs.
Man, wretched Man! thou ſhalt be taught to know,
Who bears within himſelf the inborn cauſe of woe.
Unhappy race! that never yet could tell
How near their good and happineſs they dwell.
Depriv'd of ſenſe, they neither hear nor ſee,
Fetter'd in vice, they ſeek not to be free,
But ſtupid to their own ſad fate agree;
Like pond'rous rolling-ſtones, oppreſs with ill,
The weight that loads them makes them roll on ſtill,
Bereft of choice and freedom of the will;
For native ſtrife in ev'ry boſom reigns,
And ſecretly an impious war maintains:
Provoke not this, but let the combat ceaſe,
And ev'ry yielding paſſion ſue for peace.
Wouldſt thou, great Jove! thou father of mankind,
Reveal the demon for that taſk aſſign'd,
The wretched race an end of woes would find.
And yet be bold, O Man! divine thou art,
And of the gods' celeſtial eſſence part;
Nor ſacred nature is from thee conceal'd,
But to thy race her myſtic rules reveal'd:
Theſe if to know thou happily attain,
Soon ſhalt thou perfect be in all that I ordain,
Thy wounded ſoul to health thou ſhalt reſtore,
And free from ev'ry pain ſhe felt before.
Abſtain, I warn, from meats unclean and foul,
So keep thy body pure, ſo free thy ſoul,
So rightly judge, thy reaſon ſo maintain,
Reaſon which heaven did for thy guide ordain;
Let that beſt reaſon ever hold the rein.

Then if this mortal body thou forſake,
And thy glad flight to the pure ether take,
Among the gods exalted ſhalt thou ſhine,
Immortal, incorruptible, divine;
The tyrant death ſecurely ſhalt thou brave,
And ſcorn the dark dominion of the grave. 182

THE FIRST BOOK OF
QUILLET'S CALLIPÆDIA,
TRANSLATED.

The Argument.

The Propoſition. An Invocation of the moſt beautiful Deities. The Poet deduces the cauſe of beauty, according as it is eſteemed in different countries, by applying the Story of Pandora to his purpoſe. He ſets down the conditions of chooſing a fit pair to procreate a handſome offſpring, and ends with the approaching nuptials. He likewiſe, by way of digreſſion, inveighs againſt the covetouſneſs of the age, which blindly ſeeks after a large portion rather than an agreeable temper and conſtitution. An Apoſtrophe to the preſent King of France, wherein he propoſes what kind of lady he would wiſh him to chooſe for his royal conſort, who might bring him a beautiful race of children.

WHAT crowns the fruitful marriage bed with joy,
What forms the lovely girl and manly boy,
What kindly ſtars the juſter features trace,
What happy influence beſtows the grace,
And breathes the bloom divine upon the beauteous face;
What ſecret ſprings the forming fancy move,
What force the mind exerts in genial love,
How the fair ſoul is in the body ſeen,
And outward beauty ſpeaks the worth within,
In flowing verſe attempts the willing muſe,
And tunefully the pleaſing theme purſues.
Hear, Oh! ye faireſt of the nymphs divine,
Ye graces hear, and to the taſk incline:
And thou great mother of almighty love,
If once in Phrygian Ida's ſacred grove
Thy form victorious did the prize obtain,
By the juſt judgment of the righteous ſwain,
Hear and inſpire thy ſoft Idalian ſtrain.
So ſhall delight my happy labours bleſs,
And pleaſing thoughts in pleaſing numbers dreſs;
So ſhall my grateful verſe thy laws impart,
And teach mankind with joy the genial art.
Whene'er in times to come it ſhall betide,
That the kind bridegroom would inſtruct his bride,
My verſe ſhall by the ſkilful youth be read
To the dear partner of his nuptial bed;

The muſe inſtructive ſhall their offspring grace,
And form the future honours of their race;
Beauty the long ſucceſſive line ſhall crown,
And no deform'd unſightly birth be known;
In ev'ry face the Cyprian queen ſhall reign,
And mutually adorn the nymph and ſwain.
You who a parent's pleaſing hopes conceive,
Who lovely patterns of yourſelves would leave;
You to whoſe care the rites of love belong,
Attend, and liſten to my uſeful ſong.
If ſoft the verſe, if ſweet the numbers flow,
A Myrtle wreath my juſt reward beſtow,
And bind, with grateful hands, your poet's learned brow.

But firſt, my muſe, deſcribe the doubtful fair,
Beauty's celeſtial eſſence firſt declare;
The ſacred ſubſtance of the goddeſs tell,
And in what forms ſhe moſt delights to dwell;
What honours on the nobleſt fronts are ſpread,
What roſes paint the cheeks with brighteſt red;
What colours beſt become the flowing hair,
What locks moſt graceful wanton in the air;
What lips the ſweeteſt breathe the fragrant bliſs,
And ſwell the ſofteſt to the melting kiſs;
What hands are faſhion'd in the fineſt mould,
What circling arms do beſt the lover hold,
And preſs him with the cloſeſt, kindeſt fold.

But, Oh! confus'd and dark the queſtion lies,
Perplex'd the cauſe, and doubts on doubts ariſe.
Each as he loves, his diff'ring praiſe beſtows,
This youth to ſnowy Amaryllis bows,
While that to brown Lycoris pays his vows:
Daphnis in Flavia's yellow ringlets bound,
Admires the nymphs with golden treſſes crown'd;
While Thyrſis doating on the jetty black,
Starts at the burning gold, and flies with horror back.
Some eyes all hearts with lively grey ſubdue,
Some with the languiſh of the lovely blue;

Some the fond rage with ſparkling black inſpire,
Quick ſhoot the flames, and kindle up the fire.
Some ſwains the ſlender waiſted virgin prize,
And loathe the bulky fat's unwieldy ſize:
While ſome the thin, the ſhadowy form deteſt,
And chooſe to preſs the plump luxuriant breaſt;
On full delights their wiſhes to employ,
Graſp the ſubſtantial fair, and ſate themſelves with joy.
Such are the various ſprings our paſſions move,
And ſuch the many hereſies of Love:
Thus is the mind by blind deſire betray'd,
Thus by fantaſtic fancy are we ſway'd,
We like, we love, then deify the maid.
Nor only man to various thoughts inclin'd,
Finds differing beauties in the ſofter kind,
But e'en his own majeſtic form ſurveys,
As partial nations differ in their praiſe.
Mark how the ſwarthy Ethiop, fond of night,
Diſdains the cheeks with blended roſes bright,
And paints the fiends and Stygian furies white.
How did the ſervile flattering eaſt commend
The noſe high riſing with an arched bend;
When firſt that ſemblant form was fam'd to grace
The mighty Median monarch's warlike face,
Cyrus, whoſe hand did Aſia's ſceptre ſway,
And taught the wealthy Crœſus to obey;
Wide o'er the Lydian realm he ſtretch'd his reign,
And bound the royal miſer in his chain.
Here might my verſe the faireſt Gaul recount,
Here paint his flowing curls and ſpacious front.
Or here the tawny Spaniard might I trace,
His looks obſcure deſcribe, his gloomy grace,
And ruſty blood diffus'd upon his duſky face.
Full of himſelf the pigmy form appears,
Swells to the clouds, and menaces the ſtars;
Ee'n he, though by unhappy lot he lies
Beneath unkindly ſuns, and weſtern ſkies,
Diſdains the German, manly made and ſtrong,
And calls the faſhion of his arms too long;

Prunes his hard viſage up, and with a ſmile
Scorns the ſoft bloom of Britain's happy iſle.
But ſay, my muſe, whence things that ſeem ſo clear,
So doubtful to diſcording man appear;
From happier times of old deduce thy verſe,
And how it firſt befel, in order juſt rehearſe.
When firſt this infant world its form put on,
When time and beauteous order firſt begun,
And rich with native grace the new creation ſhone;
No wicked iron age as yet controll'd
The luſtre of the pure primeval gold;
Around heaven's azure arch, ſerenely bright,
Unſullied ſhone the ſparkling gems of light;
No fogs did then, no lazy vapours riſe,
Nor with their dull pollution ſtain the ſkies;
Through heaven's wide plains the glorious God of day,
Prince of the ſtars, unclouded held his way;
While in her turn the ſilver Queen of night,
Succeſſive roll'd her limpid orb of light.
The mother earth, adorn'd by what ſhe bred,
With rocks, hills, trees, with fruits and flowers was ſpread,
And every living thing on her green boſom fed.
The well digeſted maſs, untainted yet,
Did no rank ſtreams nor pois'nous damps emit;
But healthy ſpirits breathing from the ground,
Diffus'd their wholeſome fragrances around.
'Twas then, in thoſe good times for ever bleſt,
That happy man his innocence poſſeſs'd;
When yet he had not learn'd in reaſon's ſpight,
Perverſe to turn, and wander from the right,
Forſaking heaven's reveal'd, and nature's inborne light.
Then holy arts and prieſtcraft were unknown,
Religion then was ſimple, plain, and one;
Luſt had not kindled then her guilty flame,
Ambition had not cheated fools with fame,
Nor vex'd the world with honour's angry name.
Nor was the form of man beneath his ſoul,
But equal, proper beauties grac'd the whole.

Then temperance, juſt goddeſs, did prevail,
And rightly held creating nature's ſcale,
Diſpos'd the ſeveral parts with prudent care,
And form'd with niceſt ſymmetry the fair.
Then was the reign of beauty in mankind,
Then univerſal empreſs, well ſhe join'd
The faultleſs body and the blameleſs mind.
Soon as great Jove, from high Olympus' brow,
Beheld the ſacred harmony below,
Add we one maſter-piece of art, he ſaid,
Earth, heaven, and all ye gods afford your aid,
Your each perfection join, and form one lovely maid.
He ſpoke, and ſtrait obedient to his word,
Each willing ſpecies to the work concurr'd;
The cryſtal orbs of æther firſt prepare
The limbs and ſubſtance for the future fair,
While the ſun curl'd his beams and hung them for her hair.
Her front, like marble ſmooth, like lilies white,
Fair Cynthia luſter'd o'er with ſilver light;
Upon her cheeks Aurora roſes ſpread,
And dy'd them in the morning's brighteſt red;
Venus the ſweetly charming ſmile impreſs'd,
And her ſoft lips with balmy pleaſures bleſs'd:
While Love, the god himſelf, o'er all the maſs,
Dancing delightful, ſhew'd his heavenly face,
Led on the laughing Joys, and every ſiſter Grace.
Thus form'd, thus finiſh'd out the beauteous whole,
Creating Jove infus'd the living ſoul;
And ſince from every god the graces came,
He bade Pandora be the fair one's name.
Then bending kindly down his gracious look,
Thus to the new-made nymph the Almighty Father ſpoke.
Daughter of gods deſcend, thou work divine,
Vouchſafe on earth, celeſtial fair, to ſhine,
Diffuſe the bleſſings of thy radiant face,
And cheer the labours of the mortal race:

For thus the gods, thus Jove's high will ordains,
While man his native innocence retains;
Be thou his bliſs, his great reward be thou,
Thy full perfection, heaven's fair pattern ſhow,
And teach him by thyſelf thy native ſkies to know.
But oh! if pity touch thy tender breaſt,
If for mankind thy care would be expreſs'd,
Keep cloſe this fatal caſket I beſtow,
Nor ſeek the ſecrets lodg'd within to know.
If thy frail hand, too curious, ſhould incline
To pry, and diſobey the will divine,
Strait forth ten thouſand winged plagues ſhall fly,
And ſcatter ſwift contagion through the ſky.
Thee too, thou faireſt, ſhall the ruin ſeize,
Pain ſhalt thou feel, and languiſh with diſeaſe;
Deformity thy lovely looks ſhall blaſt,
And foul pollution lay thy beauties waſte.
He ſaid: and downward ſwift ſhe bent her flight,
To ſpread around on earth the beams of beauty's light.
Nor did ſhe there with Epimetheus dwell,
Shut up and cloiſter'd in a lonely cell,
As old Greek tales of dreaming Heſiod tell.
But bounteous of delight and unconfin'd,
She made the bleſſing common to mankind,
Deſign'd a public good ſtill paſſing on,
On undiſtinguiſh'd crowds alike ſhe ſhone.
The ſtupid herd with pleaſing dread amaz'd,
Dumb with attention, ſtood, and gladſome gaz'd;
Some raviſh'd with her mien ſo graceful were,
Some with the ringlets of her amber hair,
Some with her iv'ry front, and face ſo heavenly fair.
From her each part ambroſial odours flow'd,
And breath'd a balmy bleſſing on the crowd:
While her bright eyes (which ſcarce the muſe had told,
Unleſs by ſacred inſpiration bold)
With light effulgent, darted forth a ray,
That cheer'd mankind, and made the world look gay.
So when Aurora in the roſy eaſt,
Lifts her fair head, with radiant honours dreſs'd,

Nature the poles at equal diſtance lays,
And righteouſly divides the nights and days:
There nor the ſun's bright flames malignant burn,
Nor chilly moons with nipping froſts return;
Thence, with luxurious births each pregnant year,
Twin ſeaſons does, and double plenties bear:
Thrice, yellow Ceres crowns the ſummer fields,
And twice his rich increaſe ripe Autumn yields.
Twice gentle Winter comes with ſober grace,
And twice the blooming Spring renews her bliſsful face.
Here, if aright the poet's ſong divin'd,
The juſteſt forms of beauty might we find
From conſtitutions rightly temper'd, here
Fair Harmony and Order ſhould appear,
And all mankind be lovely like the year.
But the known clime muſt o'er the verſe prevail,
And truth refute the falſe Arabian tale:
Since black Deformity uſurps alone
The ſultry regions of the torrid zone,
The fiery god too near them runs his race,
And leaves his ſooty marks on every hideous face.
Then, Oh my muſe, forſake the ſcorching line,
And to the cooler pole thy flight incline;
Seek in the midway ſpace ſome balmy air,
A land delightful, and a people fair;
Where beauty long her reſidence has plac'd,
And reign'd in ſovereign ſtate for ages paſt.
Nor ceaſe thy curious ſearch, nor yet remain
Fix'd in warm Italy, or ſwarthy Spain:
Still ſpread thy wing, and reach that happy coaſt,
Where Europe does her fav'rite country boaſt,
Where ſweeteſt airs, and kindeſt heavens ſhe yields
Where Gallia ſpreads her fair Elyſian fields.
But thee, Turonia, chief I would ſelect,
Thy pleaſing ſoil with various proſpect deck'd,
Where winding vales run rich with frequent rills,
And verdant plains are crown'd with riſing hills,

Where gentle Liger ſlowly ſeeks the ſea,
Scatt'ring full plenty in his peaceful way,
Where near proud Angier's walls his waves are roll'd,
And through their cryſtal clear diſplay the ſandy gold.
Here lovely maids of form divine abound,
With ev'ry grace and juſt perfection crown'd;
Here ſtill the marks of heaven's firſt work they wear,
And, like the firſt Pandora, ſtill are faultleſs fair.
Mark how their ſtatutes due proportion know,
Nor riſe too high, nor ſink too meanly low;
No meagre bony jaws deform the face,
Nor puffy ſides the taper ſhape diſgrace,
But ev'ry part alike becomes its place.
Behold how lovely ſmooth the forehead ſhines,
How milky white the ſoft deſcent inclines,
How fitly to the ſparkling eyes it joins!
While gaily pleaſing they, and ſweetly bright,
Fill each beholder's heart with dear delight.
See on the blooming cheeks, ſo freſhly ſpread,
So duly mixt, the native white and red;
Mark what full roſes on the lips appear,
What ſweets they breathe, what balmy dew they wear?
But loſt and endleſs were my pain, to trace
The vaſt infinity of beauty's grace:
Why ſhould the muſe in laviſh numbers ſpeak
The golden treſſes, or the iv'ry neck?
Why ſhould the baſhful nymph attempt to tell,
What ſoft round globes on riſing boſoms ſwell?
What ſecret charms—Since modeſty denies,
And bars the bold acceſs of wanton eyes;
Bluſhing, with decent grace her veil ſhe draws,
And ſhields the fair from ſhame by cuſtom's rev'rend laws.
Nor do we leſs our manly beauty boaſt,
Prov'd often to the love-ſick virgin's coſt;
In either ſex, her ſkill, dame nature ſhows,
And equally her faireſts gifts beſtows.
Mark when the downy plumes at firſt begin
To promiſe early manhood on his chin;

How goodly grac'd the riſing youth is ſeen,
His form how noble, and how great his mien;
From vital juices well and kindly mix'd,
The conſtitution juſt and firmly fix'd;
No meagre pale, upon his viſage ſpread,
Taints with unwholeſome hue the native red;
But healthy, ſanguine, of the Tyrian dye,
Laughs in his looks, while from his front on high,
In large deſcending locks his auburne treſſes fly.
Nor boaſt his other parts leſs grace divine,
Sweet lovelineſs with comely ſtrength combine,
Each limb on well compacted muſcles turns,
And juſt proportion the fair whole adorns.
Such equal tempers happy Gallia knows,
Such are the forms our kinder heaven beſtows.
Far from the clime where ſultry ſuns ariſe,
Far from the wintry north's inclement ſkies,
In the mid-ſpace the queen of nations lies;
With ſofteſt airs, with ſweeteſt is ſhe bleſt,
And gentle heats brood on her balmy breaſt.
If then the genial arts thou ſeek to know,
Attend to what the ſkilful muſe can ſhow,
Sweet are her ſacred rules, and tunefully they flow.
"Not every man or woman was deſign'd
"To propagate and multiply their kind;
"Forbid we rightly the deform'd and foul,
"To clothe with ill-ſhap'd limbs the heavenly ſoul."
Has not the poet's ſong divinely told
Of births deteſted in the days of old?
How dreadful Phlegeton did night invade,
Compreſt the beldam in her own dire ſhade?
Hence ſprung the ſiſters (horrible to ſight!)
Whoſe helliſh heads with hiſſing ſnakes affright.
Who ſhudders not at Pluto's odious bed?
What virgin would a one-ey'd Cyclops wed?
Were I to judge, no vulcan e'er ſhould prove
A horrid huſband to the queen of love,
Some fitter taſk his barren age ſhould find,
In hamm'ring bolts for Jove to plague mankind.

Doom'd to old Ætna's forge he ſhould remain,
And drudge out dull immortal years in vain.
But he who judges right of what is fair,
With healthy ſons will healthy daughters pair:
As unperforming uſeleſs drones, will drive
The weak and ſickly from the marriage hive;
Whether a man, by frequent viſits, feel
The gnawing torments of the gouty ill;
Or ſudden epilepſies ſeize his mind,
Or bilious cholic rack his breaſt with wind;
Or on his waſted lungs an ulcer prey,
Or a conſumption lingeringly betray
His pining life, and murder by delay.
For, man's new curious ſyſtem to compoſe,
An equal portion every limb beſtows,
From every nerve collected nature flows:
Whence by traduction from the father run
Ill habitudes, entail'd upon the ſon;
The latent poiſon in the bowels grows,
And propagates a family of woes.
How oft do men their ill-ſtar'd birth bewail,
Condemn'd to a diſeaſeful body's jail!
How oft with vain complaints they load the ſkies,
And guiltleſs gods accuſe with fruitleſs cries!
When the true cauſe of their repeated blame,
From a diſtemper'd feeble marriage came.
Let then a healthy bridegroom and a bride
Be in connubial leagues of love ally'd;
If they deſire that future times ſhould know
To what a lovely origin they owe
A race of men, for all that's generous born,
Or to defend their country, or adorn.
The prudent farmers, who of heaven implore
A plenteous harveſt, and increaſing ſtore;
The fineſt of their wheat for ſeed retain,
Nor ſow their acres with corrupted grain.
Hence loaded fields their annual wealth unfold,
And ſmiling Ceres waves in ſheafy gold.

Thus lab'ring hinds, for a rich crop of corn,
Improve their ground, while you neglect with ſcorn
The grateful ſoil, from whence mankind is born:
Unwilling, or unmindful, to produce
From a hale body, pure and generous juice;
Which in clear channels may unblended run,
From the bright father to the brighter ſon.
Is then the price of man no better known,
Or God, who form'd thy image from his own?
Cannot that ſoul which does with art ſurvey
The ſtars, and travels o'er the milky way,
Erect thy ſpirits, and refine thy clay?
Does ſloth ſupine in ſuch ſtrong fetters bind
Your abject ſenſe, and make you leſs inclin'd
To found a beauteous temple for th' ethereal mind?
Ye gods, who to a human birth repair,
And watch the cradle with a guardians care,
From nuptial banes exclude a weakly pair;
Leſt execrations from their children's throat,
Their wretched parents to the fiends devote.
And thou, great Father of all human race,
Whoſe hand preſerves this globe in ſtrict embrace,
No longer let the wicked cuſtom reign,
Nor the juſt beauty of thy labour ſtain.
Let a new genius from the ſkies deſcend
With better nature, and mankind befriend:
Who may this theme with well wrote rules adorn,
And give inſtruction to an age unborn.
Nor is't enough that marriages agree
In mutual vigour, and from ſickneſs free;
If you deſire an offspring, you muſt learn
Another leſſon of the firſt concern.
The nuptial knot ſhould be with equals ty'd,
No ſanguine bridegroom to a ſapleſs bride;
Nor ſhould a bloomy nymph entomb her charms
In an old huſband's monumental arms.
Hymen will ſuch an ill-yok'd couple blame,
And Juno kindle an unhappy flame:

Alecto, frowning on the luckleſs pair,
Shakes her ſulphureous torch, and ſnaky hair.
See how young Chloe, keen with ſtrong deſires,
From her old wither'd ſpouſe with ſcorn retires,
His frigid kiſſes ſhuns, and languid fires;
With frequent tears bedews her face, and quits
Her idle drudge, and the deteſted ſheets.
Thee, happy Atys, Rhea from above
Purſu'd with chaſte deſires, and honeſt love.
Had th' antiquated goddeſs thee careſs'd,
And with cold kiſſes in her boſom preſs'd,
Thy waſting youth had found its certain doom,
Unſinew'd of his ſtrength and ſpringing bloom.
For the dull dryneſs of old age deſires
More aliment to feed its dying fires,
And luſty nature's whole vivific ſtock requires.
So ever burning ſands in Libyan plains,
Suck in with greedy thirſt the falling rains;
And ſtill unſated with the watry ſtore,
Their drought increaſing, make demands for more.
  Yet more from diſcord of unequal ſeed,
When youth and age are coupled for the breed,
Diſeaſes in a ſickly train proceed.
And if at laſt a weakly offspring's born,
How oft his wretched being will he mourn;
How oft a life in miſery extend,
Unuſeful to his country, or his friend?
  Nor can we here forget the modiſh crime,
Which ſlights the rules of our inſtructing rhyme:
How ill-adviſing thurſt of gold ſupplies
The want of paſſion, and perverts our eyes;
Which to a face ſuperior and divine
Prefers the monarch's image on the coin:
How, faſhionably vain, large portions prove
Rebellious ſubjects to commanding love:
For if the cheſts of a rich father hold;
The ſacred load of writings, or of gold;
If he can jointure a conſenting mate
With the gay ruin of a vaſt eſtate;

Blind with the ſhining hopes, each nymph will run
With proffer'd beauty to the charming ſon,
While the fond parents wiſh her wealthily undone:
Though the pale wretch with ſure contagion kills,
Infected with an hoſpital of ills,
And every vile diſeaſe which crowds the weekly bills:
Though pining in the laſt decline of life,
A fruitleſs burden to his longing wife.
How hard her fate, who in her youthful pride,
Finds a dry monſter ſnoring by her ſide,
A married virgin ſhe, and widow'd bride!
Of her loſt bloom how oft will ſhe complain,
And wet the joyleſs ſheets with nightly rain!
How will ſhe childleſs mourn! or what is worſe,
Loathe her deteſted race, a heavier curſe!
Beſides, if prompted by her ſtrong deſires,
She ſeeks new ſprings to cool her wanton fires;
If wand'ring in the ſearch of bliſs ſhe flies,
To ſeek what her enervate drudge denies;
(For who would wiſh a loathſome joy to prove,
Or languiſh in the arms of ſickly love?)
What rank adulteries thy houſe will ſtain,
And crowd it with a long promiſcuous train,
Which thou, good-natur'd cuckold, muſt maintain!
'Tis true the boy, not thine, will bear thy name,
Though twenty fathers have a better claim.
Here ſhall his features, and his mien expreſs
A baronet, and there his groom confeſs:
Here a young colonel's warlike look, or there
A ſneaking citizen's ſubmiſſive air.
Then ſhall the hoarded ſums, and glittering heap,
Which thou haſt laboured anxiouſly to keep;
Then ſhall the acres of thy rented ground,
The flocks and herds with which thy fields abound,
All which to thee by long deſcent have run,
Be ſpent in riot by a ſpurious ſon.
Nor does a private family alone
Beneath the miſchief of this poiſon groan;

In palaces the growing evil ſpreads,
And impudently climbs imperial beds:
When kings, enfeebled by luxurious eaſe,
Or latent ſeeds of ſome uncur'd diſeaſe,
By the warm ſides of youthful conſorts freeze;
No longer now at the ſoft anvil ſweat,
Too impotent to govern or beget.
Hence infants ſometimes may a kingdom guide,
Though royal only by the mother's ſide:
Hence the deluded ſire's oblig'd to own
The doubted offspring of a blood unknown,
And willingly adopts the baſtard to his throne.
Nor is our ſex leſs faulty than the fair;
Alike we fall within the golden ſnare:
For if a matron's fortune can ſupply
The want of each endearing quality;
Though fitter for a tomb than bridal bed,
Though time ſits hoary on her ſhaking head;
Though from her eyes the brackiſh humour breaks,
And trickles down the furrows of her cheeks;
Though here and there a ſtraggling tooth is ſet,
A thin plantation, and deform'd with jet;
Though huſky coughs make an ungrateful din,
And phthiſics rattle from her lungs within:
Yet if this complicated ill deſire
With Hymen's torch to light her dying fire;
If for connubial joys enrag'd ſhe thirſt,
To ſate her greedy and impetuous luſt;
Some younger brother will perhaps incline
To pay his homage at her golden ſhrine:
Who with diſſembled love will fondly run
To kiſs the wither'd wealthy ſkeleton;
Will fold the beldam in his arms to reſt,
And with diſſembled joy pant on her leathern breaſt.
But ah! this huſband of a large eſtate
Soon flags, and turns by quick degrees to hate;
Quits the dull carcaſe of the nauſeous dame,
Slights her dry embers for a briſker flame,
And ſeeks with eager heat a nobler game:

Some tender yielding maids he longs to prove,
Or ſome co-eval wife's unlawful love;
While, ſingle, his neglected conſort lies,
And waſtes the joyleſs night in empty ſighs.
Hence tears, preluding to deſtructive jars,
And ſad complaints to unaſſiſting ſtars!
Hence deep reſentments rack her jealous head,
For her wrong'd honour, and deſerted bed!
Hence ſtudy of revenge her love repels,
And all the woman riſes and rebels!
In wicked arts and deadly drugs ſhe deals,
And with diſſembled duty rage conceals:
While careleſs he, and indolent of thought,
Drinks ſure deſtruction in ſome fatal draught.
Did not the tenets of religion bind
To ſacred counſels my obedient mind,
Love ſhould be liking; nor the nuptial league
Be ty'd by compact, or deſign'd intrigue
Of ſelfiſh parents, who in wedlock join
Their ſons, to raiſe their wealth, and not their line.
For ſhould wiſe nature, for the Cyprian joys,
Direct a couple in their mutual choice,
They would by reaſon, not by cuſtom led,
Ne'er tie a living body to a dead.
Be baniſh'd then, unfit for amorous ſport,
The fribling dotard from the Paphian court:
Let youth their ſtrength on youth alone employ,
And burn with equal love and healthy joy,
To propagate mankind and people earth
With a ſound offspring and a generous birth.
Nor, while I dictate theſe important truths,
Grateful to maidens and unmarried youths,
Would I to an extreme as bad incline,
And beardleſs boys with unfledg'd virgins join,
New to a bluſh, and fond without deſign.
For prudent nature, who has then began
To knit the joints, and to confirm the man,
Has not as yet her genial power diſtill'd,
Nor with prolific juice the veſſels fill'd.

If then a damſel, who deſigns to wed,
Would reap the pleaſures of the nuptial bed;
Let her (for Themis theſe ſtrict rules ordains,
To curb too forward nymphs, and eager ſwains)
Expect with patience, till the rolling ſun
Has twice ſix times his annual journey run;
Till her maturing years begin to bloom,
And promiſe early offspring to the womb.
For when the ſwelling maſs is firmly knit,
And the ripe virgin glows with perfect heat;
Then roſy ſtreams from ſecret ſprings abound,
Which kindly bathe the fruitful womb around;
By nature's prudent care provided well,
To feed the ſleeping infant in his cell:
Then her ſoft breaſts the lover's heart inſpire
With tempting heavings, and provoke deſire.
So ſhould the youth attend, till time begin
With moſſy down to clothe and fledge the chin;
Till the firm channels ſwell with vigorous blood,
And roll, impetuous, a prolific flood.
Then, if kind Juno his endeavours bleſs,
He ſafely may the wedded fair careſs,
And venture on love's ſoft and cloſe receſs.
If youths and virgins would theſe rules obey,
And wiſely follow where I chalk the way,
What beauteous bloſſoms would their labours bring?
What fruits would in the bridal chamber ſpring?
Would they with equal conſtitutions join,
Man would be all harmonious, all divine,
And angels' heavenly looks would in God's image ſhine.
Mean time, while lab'ring in this pleaſing art,
The ſacred laws of nature I impart;
While to the married pair the willing muſe
Gives ſound inſtructions of important uſe:
Lo! a young hero of imperial race,
With early manhood and ſuperior grace,
Mounts the paternal throne of France, and brings
New glory to the blood from whence he ſprings,
The worthy ſucceſſor of ancient kings.

Lewis! Heav'ns darling offspring, from above
Sent to command with equity and love;
By wholeſome laws the factious world to bind,
And be a preſent ſuccour to mankind.
What royal mien! What mingled graces riſe
In every part, and lighten from his eyes!
What majeſty of ſoul, aſpiring to the ſkies!
A thouſand goddeſſes admire his charms,
His princely air a thouſand nymphs alarms,
A thouſand ſighs they ſend, to languiſh in his arms.
Him the bright nymph of Auſtria's blood adores,
Who burns where Tagus gilds Iberian ſhores;
The gentle winds tell every ſecret groan,
And waft her wiſhes to the Gallic throne.
If, mighty prince, thou to the match incline,
Spain and her Indian treaſures ſhall be thine.
For thee the tender Luſitanian dame
Conſumes, and rivals the Heſperian flame.
For thee ſhe pines; for thee the beauties glow,
Which drink the German Rhine and Latian Po.
All ſtung alike, and emulous to tread
The bridal room, and mount thy lofty bed.

But thou! the hope of the Bourbonian line,
A foreign Hymen's ſacred torch decline.
Of thoſe refulgent ſtars which crowd our ſky,
And ſparkle in the Celtic galaxy,
A hundred beauties in thy court are ſeen,
Deſerving the high title of thy queen;
On whoſe fair birth, a planet, like thy own,
With friendly influence, propitious ſhone;
Whence kindly ſeeds ariſe, and kiſſes not unknown.
Nor be to fond deſires ſo blindly loſt,
To chooſe a nymph, whom turbid Tyber's coaſt
Or whom Auſonio's petty princes boaſt.
Nor, mindleſs of the blood which ſwells each vein,
Admit, as conſort of thy glorious reign,
Such humble births, a mean degenerate ſtrain.

Conſult thy royalty with niceſt care,
And fix with judgment on the choſen fair,
Worthy to languiſh by a monarch's ſide;
Nor ſue by proxy to an abſent bride.
Survey in perſon the delicious prize,
And drink in love at thy own piercing eyes:
Demand her perſon on a double ſcore,
Much for her beauty, for her virtue more.
Mad cuſtom! where a queen is led to climb
(Unſeen before) the royal bed ſublime:
Where kings are guided by another's voice,
And follow blindfold the deputed choice.
Be this thy firſt and lateſt wiſh, to prove,
In ſilken chains of matrimonial love,
Some charming heroine of high deſcent,
The partner of thy breaſt and government:
From whoſe celeſtial loins may ſpring an heir,
Great, like his father; like his mother, fair:
Whoſe native charms with an engaging art,
Win the glad ſoul, and ſteal upon the heart.
The conſcious people willingly obey
Whene'er deſigning deſtiny makes way
By manly beauty to imperial ſway;
When they behold a royal infant born,
Whoſe ſtarry temples ſhall the crown adorn.
Where is the mighty gain, that from a ſtem
Of kings, a Juno ſhare thy diadem?
If you attempt th' embraces of a queen
In body foul, with ſwarthy cheeks obſcene;
How will ſhe damp thy flames, thy pleaſures cloy?
What love can ſhe inſpire? what real joy?
What juſt materials bring for thy ſucceeding boy?
Unfit for ſceptres, his unprincely face,
Abhorring from the brightneſs of thy race,
Thy ſubjects ſhall pervert, thy throne diſgrace.
Nor is the ſecret to the muſe unknown,
How courts, to frequent wantonneſſes prone,

By looſe deſires and high examples led,
Stain the chaſte honours of the royal bed.
How a young monarch, to his queen unjuſt,
Oft licenſes the faſhionable luſt.
So in Olympus once, adult'rous Jove
Left his loth'd Juno for a human love:
In earth and heaven his ſpurious offspring ſow'd,
Profuſely ſcatter'd his immortal blood,
And ſtock'd the ſky with a promiſcuous brood.
Great ſire, abandon this opprobrious life,
Contented with a lov'd, and loving wife.
Let the pure iſſue of unſpotted flames
Thy ſceptre wield, and ſhun laſcivious dames.
But if my private muſe, without offence,
May freely utter her impartial ſenſe; —
There might be found a more adapted mate,
Of higher virtues, though of humbler ſtate:
Who with requiting fires thy fires would meet,
Of temper equal, and of form complete;
Whoſe looks might ſoften and unbend thy care,
And eaſe the burden of the gold you wear.
Others, who court alliance to thy throne,
Seek but to ſtrengthen, and ſecure their own:
So the weak branches of the tender vine
In circling folds the married elm entwine.
But kings, who to themſelves their grandeur owe,
Self-balanc'd, on unmov'd foundations grow:
Safe in their people's ſtrength, from princes near
They ſeek no ſuccours, and no forces fear.
But while we wait, from what celeſtial worth,
From what great princeſs of exalted birth,
New Cæſars ſhall ariſe to rule the Gallic earth:
Me, Phœbus, guide with thy informing light,
While uſeful laws for huſbands I indite;
Smile on my pleaſing toil, and aid my daring flight.

THE END.

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